The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 112

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Matthew Henry Hodder, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, which took place at his residence at Bromley, Kent, on the 18th of last month, in his eighty-first year. Mr. Hodder remained active in his business until within a few weeks of the end. Apart from his interests in the world of letters, he was for very many years past a gracious and prominent figure in the religious and philanthropic life of London and Bromley, and took an especial interest in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. All who knew him will realise that the writer of one of the numerous kindly tributes that our contemporaries have paid to his memory said the right thing of him when he wrote: "There must be something in the handling of books which makes for sweetness as well as light. You could not so much as look at Mr. Hodder without being struck by the sweetness and charm of his nature. . . . He was not perhaps a talkative man, but he had always something to say worth hearing. His words came deliberately, softly, with an old-fashioned homeliness very likeable. When you parted with him you carried away an impression of that shrewd, friendly, far-seeing type of Englishman who has done so much for England."

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are much indebted to Mrs. Benson, who very kindly lent us several of the portraits and photographs that illustrate our article on "The Three Bensons."

The December Bookman will be a Christmas Double Number, and will contain, in addition to the usual features, interesting articles on the new books of the season, a number of beautiful colour-plate engravings, and a portfolio of pictures in colour by Mr. Frank Reynolds illustrating scenes and characters from "David Copperfield." There will also be large and fully illustrated literary Supplements, the whole number furnishing, as in other years, the amplest and most serviceable guide to the Christmas book buyer and reader.

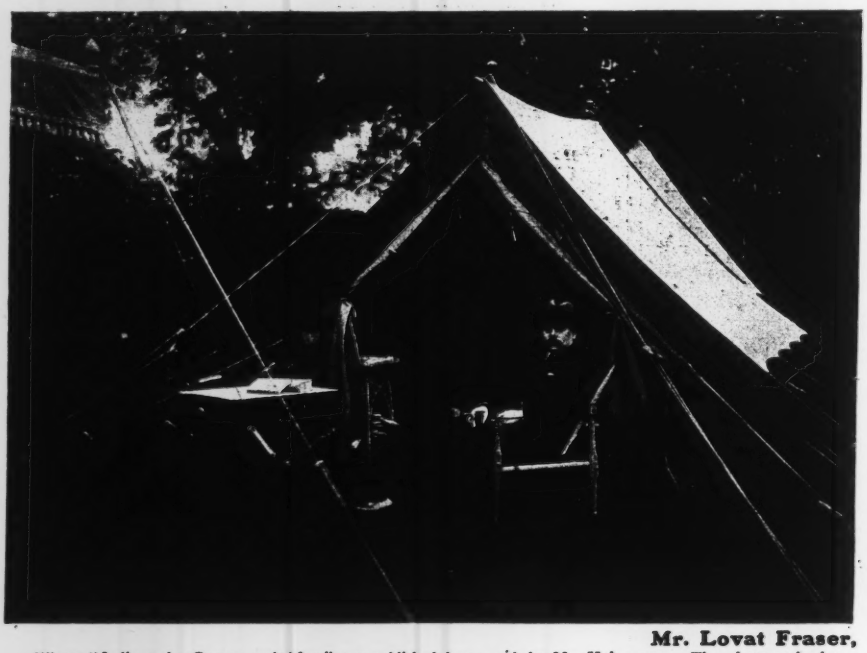
Messrs. Longmans have just issued a new edition of Mr. R. H. Benson's fine poetical drama, "The Maid of Orleans." An acting edition of the play was published by them at sixpence last year; the

new edition, which has been reset in larger type and charmingly illustrated by Gabriel Pippet, is published at three shillings net. Other plays by Mr. R. H. Benson, issued by the same publishers, are "A Mystery Play in Honour of the Nativity of Our Lord" and "The Cost of a Crown," a sacred drama in three acts.

"The Human Compass," by Bart Kennedy, will be issued this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It contains about a hundred sketches and essays dealing with those everyday problems of life and conduct that concern every class of human society. This is Mr. Kennedy's fifteenth volume and marks his return from the strenuous labours of editing a popular weekly to the quieter ways of the literary worker.

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton is about to write the Life of her father, the late Viscount Wolverhampton, and would be very grateful for the loan of letters, or copies of letters, written by him which would add to the interest of the memoir. The letters, or copies, should be sent to her at Sutton St. Anne Rectory, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Mrs. George Norman, whose new novel, "Delphine Carfrey," was recently published by Messrs. Methuen, is also the author of the three-act comedy that Miss Marie Tempest intends to produce when Mr. Arnold Bennett's brilliant play, "The Honeymoon," has finished its run at the Royalty.



Mr. Lovat Fraser,

Whose "India under Curzon, and After," was published last month by Mr. Heinemann. The photograph shows Mr. Fraser in his garden outside the tent in which the greater part of his book was written during the past summer, Mr Fraser preferring to work and sleep in the open air.

Miss Winifred James,

Who has now acknowledged the authorship of "Letters to My Son" and "More Letters to My Son," and whose new book, "Letters of a Spinster," Messrs. Chapman & Hall are just publishing.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing a new novel by G. B. Burgin—"The Belle of Santiago." This is a romance of the old pilgrim city which contains the shrine of St. James to which hundreds of English pilgrims used to voyage annually in the days that are no more. They used to sleep in the Cathedral, and it is significant of much that the biggest censer in the world was swung from the roof every day to purify the atmosphere after each batch of pilgrims departed. Mr. Burgin has finished another book, "Dickie Delver," for next spring, in which he goes again for his characters and scenery to the Canada that has furnished the background of some of the best of his stories.

No book written by Mrs. Margaret Deland since "John Ward, Preacher" took the reading public by storm has met with such great success as her latest novel, "The Iron Woman," which was issued last month by Messrs. Harper. It was subscribed, we understand, more largely than any book they have handled in the last fifteen years, and is now selling between sixty and seventy copies daily.

Mrs. Katharine Macquoid is the doyenne of English novelists. Her first book was published by Messrs. Smith Elder in 1862, with the ominous title of "A Bad Beginning." But it was literally a very good beginning, and was presently followed by "Hester Kirton" and by "Patty," one of the most charming and perhaps the most popular of her many stories. Her "Pictures in Umbria," the record of an Italian holiday, was issued by Mr. Werner Laurie in 1905, with illustrations by her husband, Mr. Thomas Macquoid, R.I.; and since then she has given us "A Village Chronicle" and "Captain Dallington." Mrs. Macquoid has now completed a new novel, "Molly Montague's Love Story," which is to be published immediately.

Major H. C. Lowther, whose volume of personal

Miss Winifred Boggs,
Whose new novel, "Vagabond City," is published by Messrs. Putnam's.

recollections, "From Pillar to Post," has been published by Mr. Edward Arnold, is a brother of the present Speaker of the House of Commons. Major Lowther has lived a varied and adventurous life all about the world as soldier, diplomatist, traveller, explorer, and sportsman, and is now accompanying the Duke of Connaught to Canada.

Mr. Martin Secker is publishing next spring a new novel by Mr. Frederick Niven—a romance of the eighteenth century, the scene of which is laid in the Western Highlands, where Mr. Niven is at present staying, at work on the book.

Mr. L. Cope Cornford is one of Henley's *National Observer* young men, and wrote for the *New Review* when it was under the same editorship. In 1895 his first novel, a historical romance called "Captain

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. L. Cope Cornford.**

Jacobus," appeared serially in *Black and White* and was afterwards published in book form both in this country and in America. He followed it with other historical novels, "The Master-Beggars," "Sons of Adversity," "The Last Buccaneer"; and in 1899 wrote a critical and biographical essay on Stevenson in Messrs. Blackwood's Men of Letters series. He has written a couple of school books, one on "English Composi-

Mrs. Isobel Strong,
Whose little book about Stevenson (Cassell & Co.) is reviewed on page 111

tion" being the first English work founded on the French educational model, the other, "Essay-writing for Schools," dealing more comprehensively with the same subject. In 1901 Mr. Cornford was attached to the *Morning Post* as correspondent on naval affairs; and in 1906 joined the editorial staff of the *Standard* under the editorship of Mr. H. A. Gwynne. In the same year he wrote that grim and poignant study of poverty in London, "The Canker at the Heart," and "The Defenceless Islands," a striking forecast of the probable effects of the outbreak of war upon the industries of this country. In 1909 he published "London Pride and London Shame," a collection of sketches dealing with various aspects of London life. He has written, indeed, so graphically and with such intimate knowledge of London labour and the London poor that one has come to regard him as a sociological student and an uncompromising realist, but he has done equally admirable work in romantic fiction, and in his new book, "Troubled Waters" (Blackwood), has fashioned a tale of real life in which his great gifts both as a realist and a romancist are given full scope.

Mrs. Muriel Nelson d'Auvergne, the author of "Tarnished Coronets: Studies in the History of the British Peerage," which has been published by Mr. Werner Laurie, is probably the youngest of our latter-day historical writers. She was born at Wolverhampton twenty-four years ago and is the wife of Edmund B. d'Auvergne, the well-known author of "Lola Montez," "The English Castles,"

Photo by Landfier, Glasgow.

Mrs. Muriel Nelson d'Auvergne.

etc. Two years ago she closed a brilliant academic career at Glasgow University by taking the M.A. degree with honours in English History and Literature. Mrs. d'Auvergne has taken a prominent share in the Suffragette movement and has fought hard for the cause in all parts of England.

The prize of £250 offered by Messrs. Cassell last autumn for the best story for girls has been won by Miss Dorothy à Beckett Terrell, whose novel, "Sister-in-Chief," is to appear serially in the *Girl's Realm* before it comes out in book form. Miss à Beckett Terrell, who has contributed largely to the magazines, is a great-grand-daughter of Gilbert à Beckett, who

Bowling Green House, Putney Heath, where Pitt died.

From a pencil sketch by Elsie H. Rose.

From "William Pitt," by J. Holland Rose. (G. Bell & Sons.) See review on page 95.

wrote the Comic Histories of England and of Rome, had a large share in the founding of *Punch*, and was for many years one of the most brilliant of its staff. She also claims descent from Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop.

Most novelists nowadays are turning their attention to the stage; Mr. Warren Bell is one of the few of them who have done so with a considerable measure of success. Upon his farcical comedy, "Company for George," produced at the Kingsway Theatre last year under the management of Miss May Palfrey and Miss Lena Ashwell, he has now founded a delightfully amusing novel, that was recently published under the same title by Messrs. Greening. Originally "Company for George" appeared as a short story in *Fry's Magazine*, but with the introduction of fresh characters and incidents it makes a book full to overflowing of farcical happenings and the best of good fun.

Mr. Warren Bell started his literary career on *Tit-Bits* in 1890, and went thence to the Messrs. Harmsworth, where he wrote regularly for the *Evening News* under the *nom-de-plume* of "Tantalus," and for a short time acted as dramatic critic. He left the *News* about 1895 and had three years of free-lancing, during which period he contributed largely to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (in which his "Papa Papers" appeared) and to the *Westminster*, which

Photo by Copperfield, Chelsea.

Miss Dorothy à Beckett Terrell.

Mr. R. S. Warren Bell.

printed a number of the humorous storyettes that were subsequently issued by Mr. Grant Richards under the title of "The Cub in Love." Then Mr. Bell's first full-fledged novel, "Bachelorland," appeared serially in the *Weekly Sun*, and probably its favourable reception, both as a serial and in volume, would have led him to continue writing novels had he not at this time (1898) been asked by Messrs. Newnes to bring out for them a high-class boys' magazine, the first number of the *Captain* making its appearance in April, 1899, under his editorship. But it was not likely that a man of Mr. Bell's creative faculty would quite sink the author in the editor, and he began in the opening number of the *Captain* those "Tales of Greyhouse" which are still selling in book form, following them with "J. O. Jones," "Jim Mortimer," "The Duffer," "Cox's Cough Drops" (one of the most drolly humorous schoolboy stories of recent years), and "Green at Greyhouse," all of which have been reissued in their own covers, and last month he commenced "Black Evans," a new serial, in the *Captain*, the editorship of which he relinquished in August of last year. During the twelve years of his editing he not only contributed these stories and a monthly causerie, over the signature of "The Old Fag," to his magazine, but wrote many short stories for contemporary periodicals and another novel, "Love the Laggard," which was also published by Mr. Grant Richards. He is at present engaged on a new novel which will be ready for publication in the early spring, and he makes time to write frequently for sundry "all-fiction" magazines. Mr.

Warren Bell is the eldest son of the Rev. G. E. Bell, vicar of Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, and incidentally he is the greatest author in London, for he stands over six feet four in height.

Mr. C. E. W. Bean, who recently made such a success with his "On the Wool Track," has written a new book, "The Dreadnought of the Darling," which will be published early this month by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

Mr. Guy Thorne has been at work for the past two years on a novel that deals with the drink problem. He has had the assistance of prominent social and scientific leaders in the cause of temperance reform, and has based his study of the inebriate temperament largely on the actual notes of a brilliant man of letters now deceased. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Greening under the title of "The Drunkard."

On the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of Charles II.'s escape after the battle of Worcester, Mr. A. M. Broadley conducted a party of friends on a motor-car pilgrimage over the ground covered by the King in his flight to Brighton, visiting the inns and houses, or the sites of them, in which he lay concealed on the way. In a privately printed programme of the pilgrimage Mr. Broadley reproduces several old prints connected with the famous flight, including a facsimile of a handbill offering a reward of a thousand pounds for Charles's apprehension. He is completing a new history of the fugitive King's adventures and experiences which will contain a good deal of hitherto unpublished material, and the book is to be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Mr. John Haslette,

Whose novel "Desmond Rourke," published last month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., is proving one of the successful books of the autumn.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Putnam, Mr. John Long, Mr. Werner Laurie, Mr. Heinemann, and Mr. John Lane.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

November 1 to December 1, 1911.

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CHATER, LUCY.—Milton's Comus (for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools). 6d. net; costume edition, 2s. 6d. net.
COOK, E. T.—The Life of John Ruskin. 2 Vols. 21s. net.
FOGERTY, ELSIE.—Love's Labour Lost (adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools). Words only, paper, 6d. net; costume edition, 2s. 6d. net.
JOHNSON, REV. T.—Clergyman's Ready Reference Diary for 1912. 3s. 6d. net.
MARTIN, E. WALFORD.—The Home and the Child. 2s. 6d.
PHYTHIAN, J. E.—Millais. With reproductions of 24 of his famous pictures. 2s. net.
PILLAI, J. RAMAKRISHNA.—The Dive for Death. 6s.
RICHARDSON, E.—Seeking: a Series of Illustrated Plays for children. 2s. 6d. net.
ROBERTSON, ALEX. D.D.—Fra Paolo Saupi. 7s. 6d. net.
WILCOX, DORA.—Rata and Mistletoe. (Verse.) 2s. 6d. net.
Coal-Tar Tree Chart (showing the more important compounds existing in and derived from Coal Tar). Printed in Colours. 5s. net; mounted on rollers, 7s. 6d. net.
Official Report of the Church Congress, 1911 (Stoke). 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

ABBOT, CHARLES G.—The Sun. Fully Illustrated. 10s. net.
CASTLE, W. E.—Heredity in Relation to Evolution. Fully Illustrated. 6s. net.
ZAHM, A. F.—Aerial Navigation. Fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

CHILDERS, ERSKINE.—The Framework of Home Rule. 10s. 6d. net.
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DAVENPORT, CYRIL.—Cameo Book Stamps. 21s. net.
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MARTIN, P. F.—Peru of the Twentieth Century. 15s. net.
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WEMYSS, MRS. ROSSLYN.—Memoirs and Letters of Right. Hon. Sir Robert Morier, 1826–76. 2 Vols. 32s. net.

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GARDNER, J. STARKIE.—English Ironwork of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries: an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Development of Exterior Smithcraft. With 250 Illustrations. £2 2s. net.
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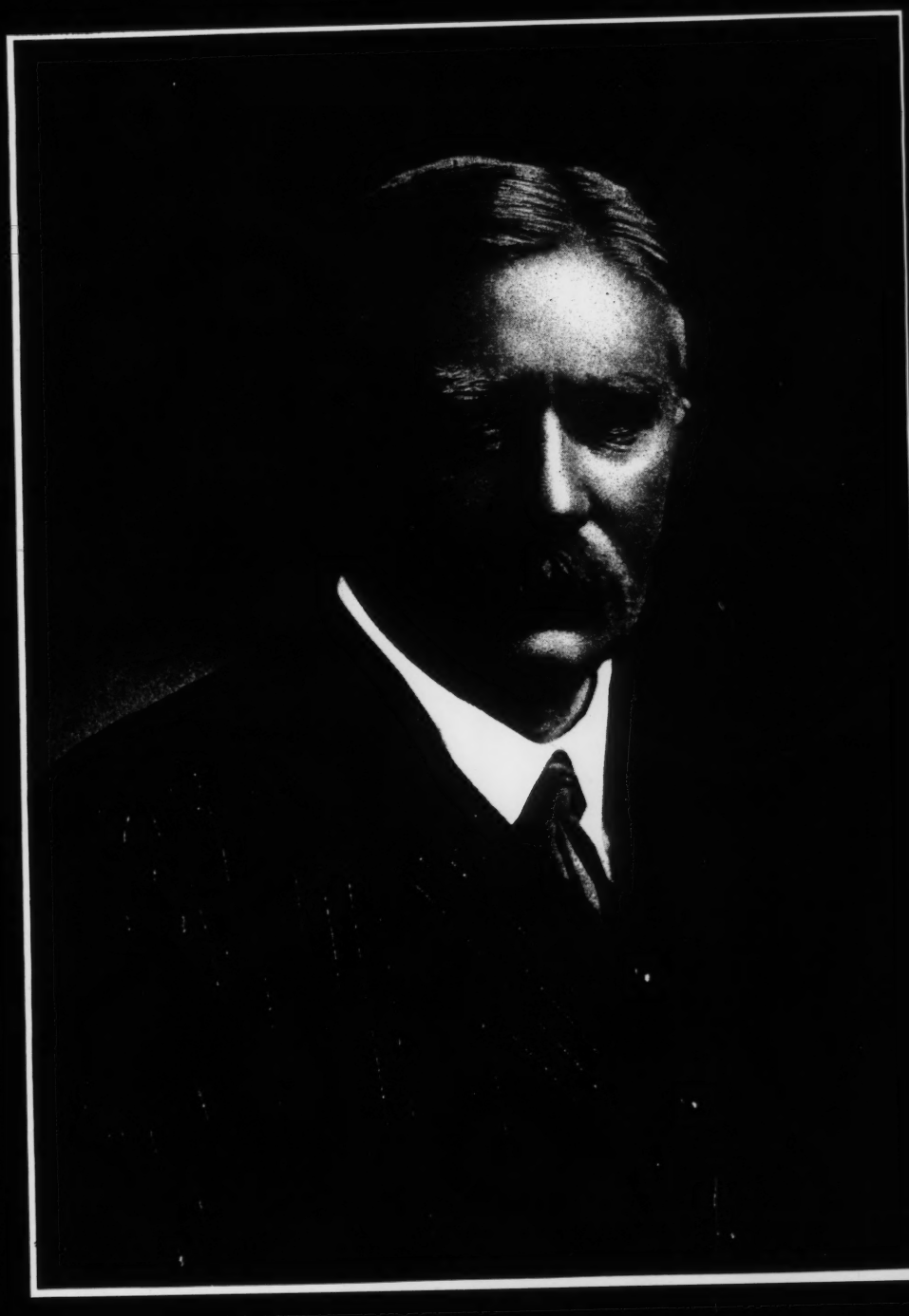


THE READER.

THE THREE BENSONS.

By James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.

MADAME D'ARGENSON is credited with the remark, à propos of two brothers whom she knew, "quand je suis avec l'un, j'aime mieux l'autre." This is the sort of wit which as a rule can only get room to play after you have put justice carefully in a corner. But even if such unsatisfactory brothers are to be encountered in society, the odd thing is that they are practically unknown to literature on either side of the Channel or of the Atlantic. A catholic soul should have grace enough to appreciate "La Jeune Sibérienne" or "Un Voyage autour de ma Chambre" as well as, at other moments and in other moods, "Soirées de St.-Pétersbourg." It is fortunately possible to occupy oneself with "Pragmatism" and yet for the time being to be sensible of no passion or preference for "Daisy Miller" or "The Portrait of a Lady." An interview with Friedrich Schlegel might conceivably be sustained without an ardent desire to seek out Augustus Wilhelm. One might even dip heroically, I imagine, into the pages of Thomas Corneille, and find perhaps enough to prevent one from developing a sudden liking for the dramas of Pierre. At any rate, the Benson books hardly ever tempt one to echo the French lady's epigram. Each of the three brothers has individuality enough to retain the reader's interest. Not for the same length of time, in every case. Not for very long, in any case. Nor with exactly the same results. Still, whether it is A. C. or E. F. or R. H., you can enjoy meeting any one of the trio in a literary way, without having your time and pleasure spoiled by comparisons knocking at your elbow. After you have been with one of them, you may be conscious of a desire to come across either of the others, for a change. But not before the interview is over, provided it is not unreasonably prolonged.

In "Guesses at Truth" the initials appended to various paragraphs help the reader to differentiate between Augustus and Julius Hare. Which is at once useful and superfluous:—useful, because even on any principles of higher criticism we could hardly distinguish otherwise the contributions of the two writers; superfluous, because their minds, so far as this volume goes, seem to have been wonderfully akin in standpoint and even in expression. They are moulded in fairly homogeneous clay. The Bensons are unlike the Hares in this respect as in most others. A. C. comes nearest in spirit of the three to their sententious, cultured outlook on life, their variety of interests, their easy flow, and their urbane Anglicanism. In E. F. there is comparatively little, in Father Hugh there is hardly anything, that recalls the distinctive flavour of books like "The Altar Fire" or "The Silent Isle," and this not merely because the characteristic medium of the one is the essay, while the others are preeminently novelists. It is a difference of temperament, which is subtle but undeniable. There are sentences and even paragraphs in "The Angel of Pain" and "The History of Richard Raynal" which are so close in quality and tone to some sections in "The Gate of Death" or "The House of Quiet," that one is tempted to believe in a common Benson denominator. But this approximation disappears when each of the three is most characteristic, when E. F. writes the incisive "Scarlet and Hyssop" or "Paul," or "Mammon and Co." when Father Hugh lets himself go in "None Other Gods," or in "Lord of the World," and when A. C., with vizor down, challenges

[*Photo by C. Vandyk.*

A. C. Benson.

A new portrait.

"Perhaps, in some of my writings, those who have read them have thought that I have unduly emphasised the brighter, sweeter, more tranquil side of life. I have done so deliberately, because I believe that we should follow innocent joy as far as we can. But it is not because I am unaware of the other side. . . . If I have upheld the duty of seeking peace, it has been like the preacher who preaches most urgently against his own bosom sins."—*From "At Large," by A. C. Benson.* (Smith, Elder.)

the public with "The Upton Letters" and essays "From a College Window." Instead of "disappears" I should have written "almost disappears." For both E. F. and Father Hugh in their stories have a good deal of the same dramatic power in dealing with weird or curious psychical phenomena; and the philosophy of "The Climber" towards the close is impressive in the same sort of fashion as some minor aspects of "The Gate of Death." But, with some such qualifications, it remains true that as *littérateurs* the trio are more remarkable for their respective individualities than for any distinct family resemblance.

The Old Master's Lodge at Wellington College.
Mr. A. C. Benson was born here, in the room above the gate, in 1862.

After a while, one hereditary feature does iorce itself upon an assiduous reader of their books. All three preach; at any rate, they are liable to preach on the slightest provocation or on none. Father Hugh naturally has his private propaganda, and one is hardly surprised to find him jerking it into his very stories. It is more surprising to catch echoes of the same habit even in some of E. F.'s more artistic novels, rarely to the advantage of their symmetry or to the reader's enjoyment. In the second chapter of "The House of Defence," for example, the story takes quite a promising turn. Lady Maud Raynham, its young unmarried heroine, goes out fishing in Caithness-shire with a trout rod and hooks a fresh-run salmon. "There was nobody within sight, and she had kilted her skirts till she could wade out over that barren shoal water, and stand

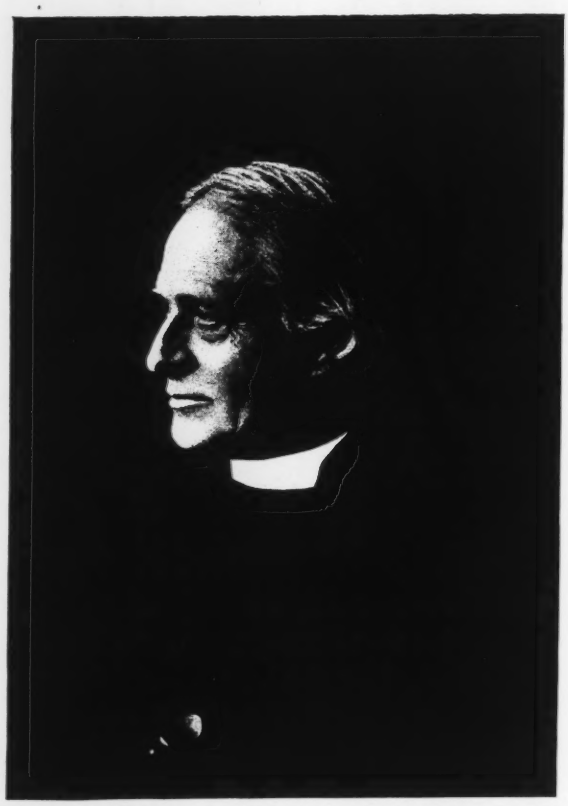


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Christopher Benson, late Archbishop of Canterbury.
The father of the three Bensons.

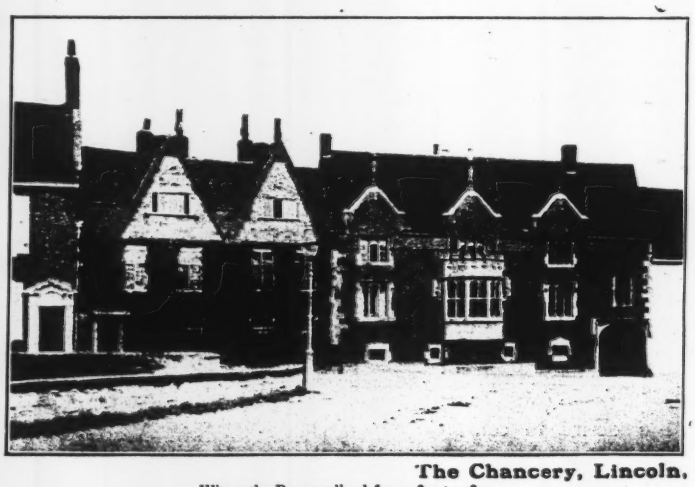
"O loved and honoured, truest, best
Of friends and fathers, mine though death
Divide us, mine through toil and rest,
Since first I drew uncertain breath. . . .

"I need your patient trust, I need
Your glad forgiving welcome: hear
Your son who loves his childhood's creed
Because you loved it, made it dear,

"For we have fared by hills and waves,
And paced by many a hallowed site,
And bent together over graves
That first estrange and then unite:

"So shall the Lord of Life who sets
On faithful hearts His seal of fire,
Make music of our weak regrets,
And crown our impotent desire."

"To My Father." From "The Poems of A. C. Benson." (John Lane.)



The Chancery, Lincoln.
Where the Bensons lived from 1873 to 1877.

Photo by R. Slingsby, Lincoln.

Martin White Benson and Arthur Christopher Benson.

M. W. Benson, a scholar of Winchester College, eldest son of Archbishop Benson, died as a boy at Winchester in 1875.

Photo by R. Slingsby, Lincoln.

E. F. and R. H. Benson.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Robert Hugh Benson in 1885.

the fish even if she succeeded in holding him. She hails a man at last, who chanced to be passing with a salmon rod. He gaffs her fish; whereupon, perceiving him to be a gentleman, she mildly points out that this is her brother's river. Unluckily, her brother had forgotten to tell her that the river had been let to a wealthy American, so that Lady Raynham discovers, to her confusion, that it is she, and not her improvised ghillie, the said American, who is poaching for the nonce. So far, so good. This whets the reader for more to follow —more salmon, perhaps, more interest anyhow. But the angler turns out to be a Christian Scientist, and drops of doctrine begin to fall ominously on the banks of the stream. The worst fears of the reader are realised before the tale is done. It is not a bad story of a human soul being rescued from the drug habit, but it is inartistically overweighted with propaganda. A similar interest appears in "Paul," where, however, the rich variety of the plot prevents it from becoming more than one of the relevant factors in a capitally balanced tale.

The description of Paul Norris taking communion in St. Paul's (in the twenty-first chapter of "Paul") might have almost been written by the man who wrote some of the chapters in "The Thread of Gold." Critics of A. C. have generally deplored or derided his tendency to preach. The improving tone seems to irritate them. This

Photo by F. Argall, Truro. **1879.** *Photo by W. H. Lord, Cambridge.* **1884.** *Photo by Hill & Saunders, Eton.* **1889.**

Three early portraits of A. C. Benson.

is a matter upon which a reviewer who has himself to preach is possibly a biassed judge. He has no jealousy of a lay-brother. He is only too glad to hear or to read any one who preaches well, and if Mr. Benson does preach too much, even if, as Lamb said of Coleridge (and to Coleridge), he does nothing else, the average excellence of his prelections inclines one to overlook the fact that they are sometimes out of place and sometimes a trifle superior. That they are occasionally obvious is no drawback from this point of view. In last century we had moral advisers like Helps and A. K. H. B.—*j'en passe et des meilleurs.* Now we have books like "The House of Quiet" and its fellows, which run into many editions, and secure contemporary popularity if not critical esteem. Evidently there is in every generation a public which, whatever be its attitude to the pulpit, reads and likes the cultured expression of sincere and profitable convictions, which are more or less religious, about the management of life, even on its fairly prosaic and obvious sides. One of these sides is trouble, and, quite apart from their technical merits or demerits as literature, Mr. Benson's books do appeal to a certain class of men and women who are inwardly bruised and baffled by pain, mental or physical or both. He does not think much of his own verse. But, instead of quoting any prose passage which must be fairly familiar, let me quote some of his lines which illustrate this appeal:

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

E. F. Benson. A. C. Benson. R. H. Benson.

From a photo taken in 1884.

"The wounded bird sped on with shattered wing,
And gained the holt, and ran a little space,
Where briar and bracken twined a hiding-place;
There lay and wondered at the grievous thing.

"With patient filmy eye he peeped, and heard
Big blood-drops oozing on the fallen leaf;
Here, hour by hour, in uncomplaining grief
He watched with pain, but neither cried nor stirred.

"The merry sportsmen tramped contented home,
He heard their happy laughter die away;—
Across the stubble by the covert side
His merry comrades called at eventide;
They breathed the fragrant air, alert and gay,
And he was sad because his hour was come."

No one who has read the Benson books will fail to recollect the prominence of this pathos in the form of a searching sympathy with the wounded creatures of his generation. He voices the feelings of some of

Photo by E. C. Argall, Truro.

The late Christopher Benson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Mrs. Benson, and their Family.

A group taken in 1881, when Christopher Benson was Bishop of Truro.

E. F. BENSON.

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.

E. F. Benson.
From a photo taken about twenty years ago.

them, at any rate. His pages flow with a smooth, bright current of literary criticism, personal reflections, and social discursiveness; they have the attractive knack also of analysing and expressing sometimes with a masterly touch what many people are vaguely conscious of feeling about ordinary things and men. But, unless I am hopelessly mistaken, their vogue

102, Oakley Street, Chelsea, the residence of Mr. E. F. Benson.

is due in no small degree to the solace and encouragement of their humane sentiments, and it is only fair to recognise this even when the moral and religious basis does not strike one as particularly adequate, or even when the pedagogue rather than the preacher is in evidence, as *e.g.* in the moralising comments upon FitzGerald's indecision.

"I write these pages," he remarks, "in the quietest of College rooms, in one of the smallest educational establishments in England, looking out on a secluded garden, where the shadow of great trees falls across the turf, and the birds flute in the bushes; it seems impossible in such a scene to believe that there can be

Photo by A. Ullyett, Upminster. **E. F. Benson.**
From a photo taken of Mr. Benson when he was acting as judge in a skating competition at Villars-sur-Ollon, Switzerland, in February last.

strife or misunderstanding anywhere in the world." The world, as Mr. Benson knows, is larger and noisier than the *hortus inclusus* of a Cambridge college during the long vacation. But his pages sometimes breathe an academic and aristocratic aroma, which unconsciously limits his power of sympathy. It even annoys a well-disposed reader. You begin to understand, after a while, what was in the mind of the intelligent lady who remarked, after a course of the Benson books, that Mr. Benson made life such a fine (a variant reading is superfine) art that she almost hesitated now to eat a mutton-chop. Besides, the circle of people who appear in his pages, as lay-figures to be moved and posed, belong almost exclusively to the worlds of culture and society—an error which both of his brothers have too

The Old Granary, Cambridge.

Where Mr. A. C. Benson lived from 1903 to 1906.

much sense, dramatic and otherwise, to commit. When Nicholas Nickleby had retired from the Kenwigs's party, Miss Petowker observed that he had "'something in his appearance quite—dear, dear, what's that word again?' 'What word?' inquired Mr. Lillyvick. 'Why, dear me, how stupid I am,' replied Miss Petowker, hesitating. 'What do you call it when lords break off door-knockers and beat policemen, and play at coaches with other people's money and all that sort of thing?' 'Aristocratic?' suggested the collector. 'Ah! aristocratic,' replied Miss Petowker; 'something very aristocratic about him, isn't there?'" Mr. Benson's country gentlemen and charming ladies and Anglican clergy do not amuse themselves with such boisterous ongoings. The test of their aristocratic position is very different from Miss Petowker's standard. Their demeanour is nearer to what one may conjecture to be that of Mr. Asquith's peerless Four Hundred. They have their own pains and problems, but they frequent big dinner-parties and country houses and all the rest of it; they seem to have nice libraries and as a rule comfortable incomes; frankly, there is often "something very aristocratic" about them, in the way of external advantages, which is not exactly a fountain of human interest in most cases.

It is not invidious to call these works by A. C., beginning with "The House of Quiet" in 1903, "the Benson books." They convey the note of a personality and the air of a philosophy of life more distinctly than his brother's pages, more distinctly even than Father Hugh's. R. H. has recently been posing as Mr. Wells in a cassock, that is, as the Mr. Wells of "The War in the Air" and "The Sleeper Awakes." "Lord of the World" and "The Dawn of All" are naturally more sensational than historical romances like "The Queen's Tragedy" and "The King's Achievement"; but, whether he is writing of the past or the future, there is the same plausible tone, the same capacity for fine colouring and glowing episodes, the same intense little creed which repeatedly beguiles him to point a moral and deform a tale, and then the same power of appealing to the semi-educated with a deftness for which his older brother of Magdalene has evidently little or no vocation. There is more than humour in the juxtaposition of "The Religion of the Plain Man," with its adroit emotional and rhetorical plea for Romanism, issuing from the Catholic rectory at Cambridge simultaneously with the chapter on Religion in "From a College Window." One recalls what Borrow said in the first chapter of "Lavengro" about the difference between his brother and himself, or the apter contrast between Hurrell and Anthony Froude.

If Father Hugh's personality is stronger than his philosophy of things, it is the reverse with E. F. Naturally a novelist has fewer chances of putting himself forward into frank relations with his public, unless he chooses to follow the precedent of Fielding—which is

Tremans, Horsted Keynes, Sussex.

The home of Mrs. Benson, where her sons frequently go to stay with her, and where several of Mr. A. C. Benson's books were written.

not E. F. Benson's way. Still, there is a sort of Bensonian philosophy clinging to some of his finer novels, and it is on this side that he reminds one now and again of his academic brother, though the task of entertaining the British public develops other qualities and habits of mind than the duty of teaching at Eton or lecturing at Cambridge. "I think," says the author of "The Upton Letters," in an apologetic and very necessary preface to the seventh edition of that volume, "it is an unpardonable thing to draw the characters of living persons in a book, in such a way that they can be recognised, unless, indeed, one has their leave to do so." This is hard doctrine; it is fraternal counsel which was ignored in "Dodo." That *jeu d'esprit* was guilty of the unpardonable thing; it belonged to the audacious, light-armed class of "The New Republic," though it lacked the penetration and intellectual force which characterised Mr. Mallock's little masterpiece of contemporary social satire. But the younger Benson soon proved that he could write not only "Dodo" and "The Babe, B.A.," but more serious fiction, curiously unequal in quality — contrast "The Osbornes," for example, with "Account Rendered," or the odd diversion of "An Act in a Backwater" with "The Angel of Pain"—but undeniably versatile, resting on a basis of classical scholarship and travel which is never paraded, and often characterised by a vein of diverting humour as well as by psychological insight into certain types and moods of modern life. The novels vary between studies of contemporary crazes like Occultism (as in "The Image in the Sand"), clever and not unkind sketches of bourgeois character (as in "The Challoners" and "The Osbornes"), mere sensational romances like "Scarlet and Hyssop" and "The Luck of the Vails," smart pieces of work like "Mammon and Co." and "The Princess Sophia," and more powerful analyses of character like "Paul"—one of the most complete and arresting pieces of work he has ever turned out—"The Angel of Pain," and "The Climber."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **E. F. Benson.**

A new portrait, taken October, 1911.

Mr. A. C. Benson's books are less unequal and less artistic in form—that is, apart from his earlier work in verse and his biographies, especially that of his father. They were rather more impressive before he was compelled to drop his thin veil of anonymity, but their impression never depended upon the dramatic and realistic gifts which his brothers' books often display. Their *métier* rather resembles that of an earlier mentor, Sir Arthur Helps, except that the Benson books are improving monologues instead of dialogues. They drip with precepts and principles. They have some definite ideas about modern education and even theology. But it is the atmosphere of mellow charm which really distinguishes them, a charm which includes appreciation of nature in its softer and graver phrases as well as of human nature, and which tends to appear slightly "precious" and sentimental only, or at least mainly, when they have been read in injudicious numbers. Any two of A. C.'s books will practically suffice to give the reader materials for analysing his contribution. Almost any single one of Father Hugh's will do. But you will need three or four different specimens of E. F.'s stories if you are to appreciate his versatility. That is one difference between the trio. All of them were born with pens. A. C. has used his most assiduously, but you can taste his quality with comparatively little expenditure of time or pence. He has indeed edited, with Viscount Esher, Queen Victoria's letters, and then there are his three contributions to the new series of "English Men of Letters," which also stamp him as a *littérateur*. But they do not affect our estimate. The "Pater" is, on the whole, the most successful; the academic setting and the delicate, almost hectic, charm of the subject appear to have suited the author of the monograph. The result is an essay more adequate and convincing than the "Rossetti." Both the "Pater" and the "FitzGerald," in fact, make one wish that the same pen had been commissioned to do George Eliot or Matthew Arnold instead of Rossetti; in which case it is a fair guess that there would have been at least a couple of fewer misfits in the series. The inner problems of Rossetti's character seem too deep for the plummet of the author's sympathy, and he has not the artistic qualifications for dealing with the painter's æsthetic side. The recent study of Ruskin is frankly entitled "A Study in Personality," and as the writer sees that "Ruskin was never in the technical sense an art-critic at all," his informal lectures are free to handle the other phases of his character with an extremely attractive blend of critical discrimination and sincere appreciation. This

is one of his least ambitious and most characteristic productions. It is the essayist for the time being occupied with a single and congenial theme of personality, honestly anxious to admire what is admirable, succeeding three times out of five in the attempt to define the elements of Ruskin's influence, and at the same time revealing half-unconsciously some of his own limitations. One of these is suggested by his own lines elsewhere upon "Nasturtiums":

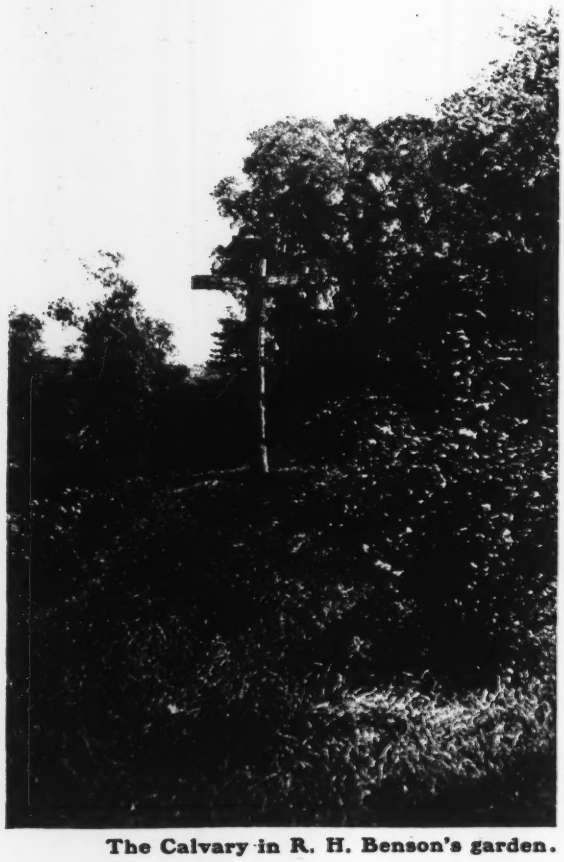
Monseigneur Robert Hugh Benson's house at Buntingford.

"Leaves luxurious, large,
Hung like moons on the stalk,
Sprawling from marge to marge,
Fringing my garden-walk,
Supple and sleek you twine,
Facing the tranquil west,
Velvety-veined, each line
Breathing of warmth and rest.

"Then, when the waiting earth
Thrills at the touch of spring,
Stung into sudden birth,
Up to the light you fling
Passion-hued, like fire,
Petal and pointed horn,
Restless as sharp desire,
Dainty with virgin scorn.

"So should the singer go,
Drinking the friendly air,
Calm, unimpassioned, slow;—
Then in a moment rare,
Loosing the pent desire,
Thrilled with a reckless might,
Break into fury and fire,
Sparkle and flash with light."

The gateway of R. H. Benson's house.



The Calvary in R. H. Benson's garden.

R. H. BENSON.

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Ruskin was not a singer, but he had this divine flash and sudden fury of inspiration. His biographer does his best to appreciate it, and yet you feel the corresponding quality is not in him; he would be more at home with the placid "Christian Year" than with the defiant "Lyra Apostolica." Whatever there is or is not in Ruskin, there is something explosive and elemental, something which breaks out unexpectedly. In Mr. Benson there is nothing explosive. The decorous, cool philosophy of the academic plot is there, but he scarcely seems to be comfortable in the presence of virile passions. Father Hugh has wide sympathy with intensity and daring, provided they can be roped inside the *nihil obstat* of the censor; he has a real instinct for the thrill and sting of life, so far. E. F., again, knows the broader acres of modern life too well to be uneasy in presence of what it sometimes throws up, even within fairly conventional surroundings. Neither of them could have written on the character of Ruskin with their brother's breadth of critical sympathy, but either of them would have handled the demonic traits in "Fors," for example, with greater directness. And, by the way, E. F. would not have failed to appreciate the boisterous humour of T. E. Brown's letters, as A. C. elsewhere does in one of his most exasperating fits of propriety. There is humour of a quiet kind in the Benson books, though not enough sense of it to prevent the writer speaking more than once of a church's "holy smell"; but humour in its robust and elemental forms is rather too vital for A. C. It seems to smack too much of the playground.

Private Chapel in Monseigneur R. H. Benson's house.

From any point of view, however, the Bensons are a notable trio in our modern literature. There were the four Rossettis in last century, but two of them were women, and another was a genius—which spoils the parallel. There were the Brontës also, but they were all women, and two of them had genius—which is still worse for purposes of comparison. The two Martineaus are no use, much less the two Porters or even the Tennysons. However, there was Henry Kingsley beside Charles, and if E. F. Benson's novels are compared with the prelections and stories of his older and younger brothers, the effect is not very unlike that produced when "Ravenshoe" and "Geoffrey Hamlyn" are thrown into the company of "Phaëthon" and "Alton Locke." Then there was a humorist who slyly bound up "Phases of Faith" and the "Apologia" in one volume, under the title "Guesses at Truth, by two brothers." Which offers the suggestion of a nexus between Father Hugh and Arthur Christopher.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short passage from English prose referring to Christmas.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to M. A. NEWMAN, of The Old White House, Badingham, Suffolk, for the following:

ABOVE YOUR HEADS. By FREDERICK NIVEN. - (Martin Secker.)

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are."
JANE TAYLOR, *Rhymes for the Nursery.*

We also select for printing:

THE LADY OF THE HUNDRED DRESSES.

"Not in utter nakedness."
WORDSWORTH, *Intimations of Immortality.*

(Albert Ernest Smith, 119, Whipps Cross Road, Leytonstone, N.E.)

THE MULTIPLICITIES OF UNA. By E. DOUGLAS HUME. (Blackwood.)

"I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too."—SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

(Beatrice Craig, Craigdarragh, Straidarran, co. Derry.)

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Duckworth.)

"'It's pretty, but is it Art?"
KIPLING, *The Conundrum of the Workshops.*

(Charles Powell, 25, Derby Road, Withington, Manchester.)

THE INFINITE CAPACITY. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"She saw him eat—'Tis he! 'Tis he!'
She knew him by his appetite."
W. SAWYER, *The Recognition.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

THE END OF THE SONG. By JEANNETTE MARKS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"For this relief much thanks."—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(William Morriss, 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.)

SHE OF THE GREEN HAIR. By N. W. BYNG. (Madgwick, Houlston & Co., Ltd.)

"One more Unfortunate."
HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

(Ellen L. Clutterbuck, 44, Palace Grove, Bromley, Kent.)

THE SECRET TRADITION IN FREEMASONRY. By A. E. WAITE. (Rebman.)

"Where every stranger seems a friend and every friend a brother,
I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing,—
The warm, champagny, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling."
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *Nux Postcoenatica.*

(E. M. Balch, Rosehill, Montrose, N.B.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best fancy titles for biographies of Rudyard Kipling, Chesterton, Bernard Shaw, and Hall Caine is awarded to Miss H. GREEN, of 94, Belgrave Road, London, S.W., for the following:

1. Rudyard Kipling—The Imperial Pedlar.
2. G. K. Chesterton—The Boy who wouldn't Grow Up.
3. Bernard Shaw—An Unassuming Man.
4. Hall Caine—A Shy Islander.

On the whole the replies have not been so smart as they should have been, considering the scope given by the subject. Some competitors supply one or two clever titles, and two or three poor ones. The four best are those by the winner, but one or two good titles are given by A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Maurice McDermott (Oxon,), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), M. A. Mavor (Cramond Bridge), Rev. Chas. H. Mellowes (Bedford), F. W. Lawfield (Sawston), Geo. Fawcett (Belfast), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. E. Roberts (Balham), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Rev. F. Balch (Montrose), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), A. E. Halliday (Leeds), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), W. E. Dodsworth (Sheffield), Miss B. Spencer (Weston-super-Mare), J. T. R. Macadam (St. Andrews), Mrs. Sybella Stirling (Glenfarg), A. H. Scales (Paddington, W.), H. Brandon James (Clapham Common, S.W.), Kitty Fisher (Warwick), John Birrell (Belfast), A. S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. M. McGregor (London, W.), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Wm. F. Robinson (Cambridge), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), P. E. Diggan (Gloucester), A.C. Shore (Croydon), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Evelyn A. Pearson (Fleet), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Theodore Maynard (Cricklewood), Mrs. Grace Hutchison (Golders Green), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mable Northway (Birkenhead), William Morriss (Sheffield), T. D. Turpin (Portadown), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington, W.), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Vivienne Porter (Clapton), and Rev. A. H. Lee (London, N.W.).

Photo by A. H. Fry, Brighton. **A. C. Benson in 1898.**

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss GERTRUDE PITT, of Claybrook, Langham Street, London, W., for the following:

HILDA LESSWAYS. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.)

A woman pauses continually to ask "How *can* he know?" for "Hilda Lessways" is a miraculous gospel of a woman's thoughts and feelings. But all the characters live and are given a background as real as themselves. One can *smell* the Lessways' house and the Brighton boarding-house! Only in relation to "Clayhanger" can one fully appreciate the author's conception and his extraordinary power of detachment. He makes an ordinary episode into a gem of romance, cut to reflect light from all sides; and life resembles a Rodin sculpture which gains in beauty and significance when viewed from all standpoints.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **A. C. Benson, 1904.**

Other good reviews received are:

THE WAYFARER AT THE CROSS-ROADS. By ARTHUR PRINGLE. (James Clarke & Co.)

We have here "in the Wayfarer's own tongue," "without any argumentative straining or special pleading," a powerful apology for the road of faith. Mr. Pringle reviews the problems of agnosticism, unbelief, pantheism, and heredity with refreshing simplicity and strong practical argument. The Wayfarer's view of the Bible, and his attitude to Paul—"a fellow traveller who understands"—make us feel that we must, with him, "leave the cross-roads and set out bravely" even though the road winds uphill "to the very end." Written interestingly and without "metaphysical subtleties" the book admirably meets the needs of the Wayfarer.

(J. E. Black, Willington, Durham.)

THE OVERFLOWING SCOURGE. By STEPHEN FOREMAN. (Alston Rivers.)

With a plot laid in an Ireland of the sixties, this book has in it something of the unrelieved tragedy of "Wuthering Heights," though with but little of the genius of the latter. The character-drawing is crude and unconvincing; the plot loose and unnatural; and the style uncouth. Yet the force with which the whole is written, and the unusually deep knowledge of Ireland it contains, mark it out as something quite beyond the ordinary. It is evidently a first novel. We find ourselves looking forward with interest to more work from its author.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

THE RECORD OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE. By H. M. HYNDMAN. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Hyndman gives the reader the full benefit of his long experience, and as one of the most steadfast expounders of practicable modern Socialism he is entitled to be listened to with respect. One wonders now whether the Utopian projects of a quarter of a century ago are really impossible. Mr. Hyndman is a living proof that a dreamer may become something of a prophet; and whatever the near future may have in store for Democracy there is no doubt that any advantage it may obtain will be due to such men as Mr. Hyndman represents.

(A. H. Scales, 51, Normead Road, Paddington, W.)

FOX FARM. By WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)

With the instincts of a medieval knight and the insight of a poet, Mr. Deeping possesses two weapons of great power. "Fox Farm" is a story of country life, in which his poetic genius has full scope. The book is built upon the mistake of a harsh and practical Kate being bound by the law to a philosophical large-souled Jesse Falconer. Later, the man's blindness through an accident becomes the instrument which releases him from those bonds. The world's criticism of Ann Wetherell would be a harsh one, but as a fictional character she stands out as possessing more than an average share of strength and goodness.

(Miss E. Rippon, 5, Arnold Street, Anealy Road, Hull.)

THANKS TO SANDERSON. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen.)

In his particular type of literary production Mr. Pett Ridge stands quite alone. He takes the life of a London family and analyses it with minuteness and accuracy. In fact, his characters are so real that they almost become as familiar to the reader as everyday acquaintances. In giving us the life of the railwayman and his wife and the son and daughter who leave their parents behind in the social community, all the little human weaknesses and sympathetic touches are faithfully described; and above all the humour is genuine and not forced. The railway scenes are really excellent.

(William Currie, 16, Holly Bank Terrace, Merchiston, Edinburgh.)

OLD CREEDS AND THE NEW FAITH. By C. DELISLE BURNS. (Francis Griffiths.)

The chief merit of this book lies in its originality. Mr. Burns certainly does present to us a new faith evolved from the old creeds. Sometimes we are inclined to think that this faith does not quite satisfy the author, but perhaps it is still rough-hewn and has not taken very definite form. He is a little cruel to the old creeds, but that too may be due to immaturity. Mr. Burns's style has a distinctively individual charm, and the theories he puts forward are decidedly interesting and suggestive. They leave one thinking.

(Miss E. Moore, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool.)

WORDSWORTHSHIRE. By ERIC ROBERTSON. (Chatto & Windus.)

This book deals with the poet's country; his associations, message, and influence. It is a comprehensive and delightful study, showing the influence of places as well as personalities upon his character and writings: Hawkshead and Dorothy Wordsworth may be cited as instances. A most interesting feature is the genesis of certain poems. It abounds in ability, discrimination, and knowledge. Only a clear-visioned and loving disciple could have written this fascinating volume. Its *full* flavour can only be enjoyed by those who have an intimate knowledge of Wordsworth and the incomparable district with which his name is peculiarly and immortally associated.

(R. H. Kipling, 62, Alcester Street, Devonport.)

THE DOUBLE FOUR. By PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Cassell.)

"The Double Four" is a secret society, lending its assistance to Secret Services of all nations. In the hands of Mr. Oppenheim the Double Four becomes an infallible agency for tracking down spies of all nations. Each chapter forms a separate adventure. Whatever one's opinion of a tale that deals with either past or imaginary national crises, one must admit that one cannot read "The Double Four" without a thrill of excitement. Peter Ruff—head of the English branch of the Society—is altogether a delightful character, bearing a charmed existence in escaping from the deepest laid schemes of enemies.

(Miss Van der Pant, Sevington Court Lodge, Ashford, Kent.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by M. A. Mavor (Cramond Bridge), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), G. A. Doody (Boscombe), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mrs. Cecil Rooke (London, S.W.), Mrs. Florence L. Payne (St. Austell), G. Stanton (Leicester), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Kathleen White (London, W.), H. Brandon James (Clapham Common, S.W.), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Edna Smallwood (Highbury N.), Jas. Brenton (Tottenham), Rev. F. Balch (Montrose), Elinor M. Daniell (Wandsworth, S.W.), Irene Harrison (Bristol), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Mrs. John Adams (Hampstead), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), W. H. Gillman (Devizes), Vivienne Porter (Clapton), K. S. Venkataramani (Madras), and Jas. A. Richards (Tenby).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to ERNEST F. SEYMOUR, of 28, Kingsgate Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.

TWO MASTERS.*

By Perceval Gibbon.

IT is a token of the wide catholicity of English literature that it can include, and even put forward as representative of its genius, two writers of such opposite character as Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Henry James. The one a Pole, the other an American, their place is not with Mickiewicz and Poe, but definitely here, as compatriots, in every sense but the mere geographical, of Meredith and Hardy. That which is referable in them to their origin—so far as anything is—the intense, penetrating, Slavonic imagination of Mr. Conrad, the serene and decorative complexity of Mr. James—are potent elements in that fine ferment of purposes and motives which is re-shaping the English novel and causing writers to revise their conceptions of their art and their functions. The literary spirit which exhibits to influences as diverse as Flaubert and Dostoievsky so eager a susceptibility gains coherence and direction from the example and comradeship of these formed and finished artists, in whom influences and tendencies are composed to a settled character.

It would be hard to name two other writers of note between whom there exists so radical a difference of manner and intention. It is not art alone, not the devices by which life is pictured and interpreted, but life itself which they view from opposite standpoints. For Mr. James, the thing said or withheld, the thing done or undone, is the illuminant which makes character and motive visible; action, in short, is the fruit of emotion. But in the works of Mr. Conrad, action and emotion both are the fruit of principles deep rooted in the life and character of his people. He is an evolutionist; natural law in the psychological world governs his imagination. It is the fatalism of sincere art, where everything that is real is inevitable.

The point which they have in common is "that spirit of piety," of which Mr. Conrad once wrote, "toward all things human, which sanctions the conceptions of a writer of tales." That, and a certain high proficiency, each in his chosen manner, the adeptness of practised and fastidious hands, unite them as craftsmen and artists.

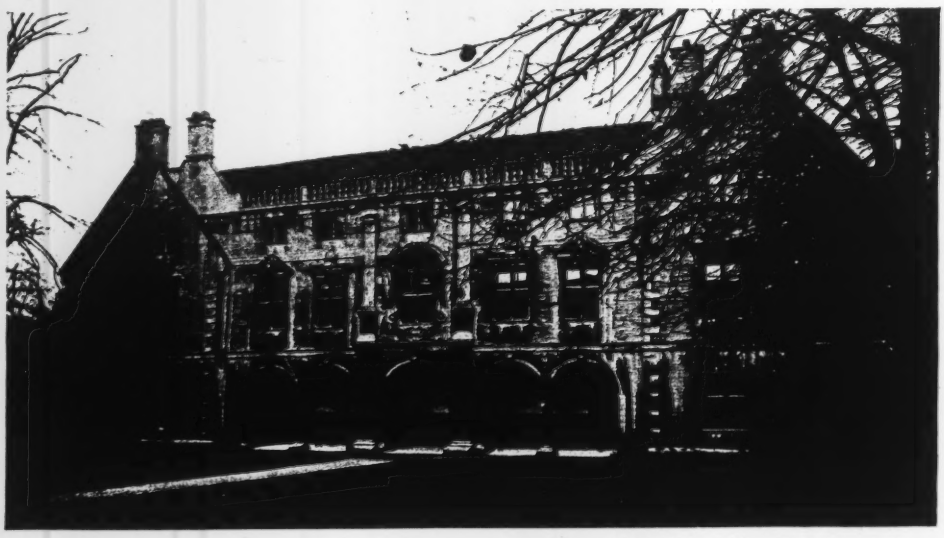
"The Outcry," by Henry James, and "Under Western Eyes," by Joseph Conrad, serve to illustrate these considerations. Mr. James presents a comedy, a light thing skimmed off the surface of life. Lord Theign designs to sell to an American millionaire an Old Master, a reputed Moretto, which has incurred the suspicion of being a priceless Mantovano. It is this that occasions the "outcry" both in the press and, unexpectedly enough, in his lordship's daughter, who leagues herself with an intrusive connoisseur to prevent the sale. Mr. James has given us a delightful millionaire.

> "Fortune, felicity, nature . . . had simply overlooked and neglected his vast wholly-shaven face. . . . Nothing seemed to have been done for it but what the razor and the sponge, the tooth-brush and the looking-glass, could officiously do; it had, in short, resisted any possibly finer attrition at the hands of fifty years of offered experience. It had developed on the lines of the mere scoured and polished and initialled 'mug,' rather than to any effect of a composed physiognomy."

His quest was not for an expensive picture alone, but for an ideally expensive picture; to which end he carries with him a morocco-cased cheque book.

The thing is related as by a whimsical eye-witness who was present at each of its episodes. One is never told of any character that he or she "thought" or "felt" anything; at most "this appeared to strike her as premature," or "Lord John appeared to feel." The presentation is throughout pictorial; it is the author's fashion of impressionism. It is *his* observation, *his* insight, upon which the reader is made to depend; fortunately, Mr. James is to be trusted in these particulars. "The Outcry" is a charming study, and in the interest of those readers who have failed to discover Mr. James's charm in earlier books, it is perhaps well to mention that "The Outcry" is written in his simplest and most direct manner.

Mr. Conrad's great book offers to Western eyes a study of that Russian character which has always been



Pepysian Building, Magdalene College, Cambridge (from the Court).

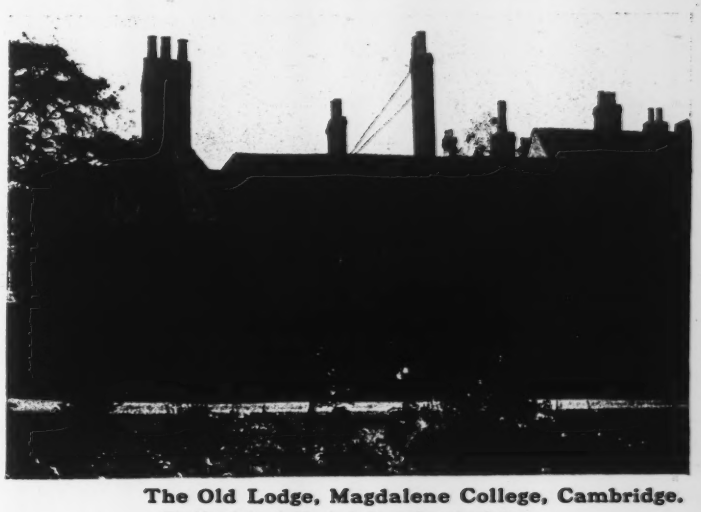
The ground floor rooms on the extreme left were Mr. A. C. Benson's from 1904 to 1908.

* "The Outcry." By Henry James. 6s. (Methuen.)—"Under Western Eyes." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Methuen.)

incomprehensible to Western Europe. Here again, as in "Lord Jim," there is a wide and crowded theatre of action. The tale is not a frame narrowly confining its people beneath the reader's eye; they have each their relationship to life; they come upon the scene by devious paths from remote sources; and the wonder and simplicity and tragedy of Russia are over them like an atmosphere.

Razumov, a student at the University of St. Petersburg, an orderly minded youth of conservative ideas, has thrust upon him the confidence of a fellow-student who has just "removed" a Minister with a bomb, and now seeks Razumov's aid to enable him to escape from the city. The situation is one of hideous difficulty for Razumov. He is worked upon so far as to attempt to procure the needed assistance, but when that fails, allows his resentment to govern him and gives the assassin up to the authorities. It is an effort to free himself of the matter, to have done with it; but that fails. Trusted by the Nihilists, he has now gained the confidence of the authorities as well, and neither party is disposed to let him rest. He turns up next in Geneva, in the colony of revolutionary Russians whose headquarters are in that town, as a spy.

The mother and daughter of the assassin, Haldin, are residents there, and Razumov finds his trouble of mind immeasurably increased by his feeling for the daughter. He is held to have been Haldin's partner in the assassination; a kind of deference, a sort of glory, are accorded him; Mr. Conrad has filled his picture richly with the figures of the revolutionists. Peter Ivanovitch, the feminist who had escaped from Siberia, the *dame de compagnie* who suffers as his amanuensis, Nikita, the horrible obese murderer of gendarmes, and the rest—he makes visible and comprehensible that strange society of altruists and cynics to whom for years Switzerland has granted an indifferent hospitality. The *dame de compagnie*, in especial, is a figure whom none can regard without sympathy; she is one of those undecorative martyrs who typify the soul of Russia.



The Old Lodge, Magdalene College, Cambridge.
The big window is Mr. A. C. Benson's study window.

It is the girl, Nathalie Haldin, who finally renders further concealment impossible for Razumov, and he is wrought to confession and experiences the vengeance of Nikita:

"'The terrible Nikita, coming in from the landing, uplifted his squeaky voice in horrible glee before all the company.

"'The wonderful Razumov! He shall never be any use as a spy on any one. He won't talk, because he will never hear anything more in his life—not a thing! I have burst the drums of his ears for him. Oh, you may trust me. I know the trick. Ha! Ha! Ha! I know the trick.'"

It is a story of men's souls, a wonderful interpretation of the Russian mind. It is pure Conrad from beginning to end, a characteristic conception presented as only the author can present such themes. The year of books, which opened auspiciously with "The New Machiavelli" of Mr. Wells, richly redeems its promise with "Under Western Eyes."

MR. PITT.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE

THE completion of Mr. Holland Rose's Life of Pitt * enables us to take a general view of a period of English history of which Pitt's biography supplies the leading rôle. It gives us a large-scale map of the twenty years during which Pitt was supreme, and it is most intensive at the most interesting point, that of the historic rupture between France and England during the early days of 1793. The first Life of Pitt, that by Tomline, was described by Macaulay as the worst biography of its size in the world. Without going to the other extreme in the case of Pitt's latest chronicler, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Rose has given us the best modern biography of Pitt—a better one than would have been deemed possible two years ago. Pitt has attracted a most unusual amount of the leisure of prime ministers. Fortunately for Mr. Rose, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery confined themselves to brief studies, and the same applies to publicists such as Goldwin Smith and Cornewall Lewis, who gave us books on Pitt from an angle that can by no means be wholly neglected. Short also is the panegyric of Mr. Whibley, while Lord Ashbourne's Pitt is almost wholly confined to the domestic point of view.

Stanhope's Life of Pitt, again, is not one to be readily superseded. As a kinsman of Pitt he had exceptional opportunities, which he used with tact if not always with the statesmanlike detachment or historic impartiality that the subject demands. The account which

* "William Pitt and the Great War." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 16s. net. (Bell.)

Lord Macaulay wrote for the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (and which still holds its place) is written from the unmitigated and even blatantly Whig point of view. Holland House set the fashion of dividing Pitt's career into two parts, one white, the other black. Before 1793 Pitt was a Whig full of enlightened zeal for the welfare of England and mankind. After 1793 he was a blighted Tory, the incompetent director of a reactionary war against the French Revolution and the degenerate repressor of political liberty at home.

With Mephisto-like cleverness Lord Beaconsfield changed these party labels. Hostility to borough-mongering, economy, French alliance, and commercial treaties, all these features were borrowed from the admirable *Tory* negotiations of Utrecht: it was Pitt's later policy that was pure *Whig*—close parliaments, war with France, national debt, and commercial restriction—all prompted and inspired by the arch Whig trumpeter, Edmund Burke. In both periods Pitt exhibited the same extraordinary tenacity of supreme power. (Was this a Whig or Tory trait, I wonder?) But the conception of a man becoming fundamentally transformed in mid-career is too rudimentary to detain us. Such ideas are congruous with the geology of Genesis, the catastrophic interpretation of history, the apotheosis of the antithesis!

With the outbreak of the French Revolution, or rather upon its impact with the surrounding States of Europe in 1792, we are told to expect the dividing line between virtue and vice. During the first part of his life, says Goldwin Smith, Pitt is to be classed with the philosophic and reforming kings and ministers of the eighteenth century—with Joseph II., with Pombal, Aranda, and Choiseul, the overthrowers of Jesuitism; with Tanucci, with Leopold of Tuscany, with Turgot, with Frederick of Prussia, and with Catherine of Russia—so far as Catherine and Frederick were organs of philosophy and reform. During the second part, he tends to sink to the level of the Metternichs, the Polignacs, the Percevals, and the Eldons. He plunged the country into a merciless and exhausting war for the suppression of Jacobitism in France, while he was responsible for a system of espionage and brutal coercion at home.

What Mr. Rose is able to make perfectly clear in his present work, and it has never probably been made so clear before, is that whatever may have been the hidden or ulterior motives which actuated Pitt, abstract hatred of Jacobitism was not among them. Burke, as is well known, held that the Revolution was a raging epidemic which called for prompt intervention on the part of the European Powers. To some extent he wrote as the champion of a hospitable aristocracy. Pitt began by joining in the chorus of dissent from Burke's theories. His gradual approximation to the views expressed in the "Reflexions" may have been partly influenced by his desire to promote party defection among the Whigs. This is a point of view rather strangely obscured by most of Pitt's biographers down to and including Mr. Rose. And yet Pitt would have been hardly human, much less the keenest parliamentarian and party leader of his time, had it not weighed with him to a very appreciable degree. Fox's bitter hostility to every move of Pitt's and his almost demented factiousness and exaltation of opposition into a kind of religion in which patriotism was as dust in the balance, can only be intelligently explained on the supposition that he was stung to blind wrath by Pitt's adroit party manœuvres, by Pitt's parliamentary finesse, and by the maddening run of lucky cards which the turn of events enabled him to throw upon the table. For Fox at heart was conclusively a generous and placable man, a thorough Englishman and a good citizen. Pitt's tactics at the Westminster election were so petty, remorseless and meanly uncharitable as to be almost unforgivable. It is hard to resist the inference that Pitt deliberately wove the revolutionary net round Fox's head. But it is a very far cry from this to the incredible hypothesis that Pitt deliberately nursed the war with France in order to damage and disrupt the already discredited band of Fox's martyrs.

In 1792 Pitt was still convinced that England might be isolated and kept out of the war. France was most anxious to neutralise this country, and Pitt was so convinced that now was the time for a long spell of peace that he actually reduced the votes for the army and navy. But when the Declaration of Brunswick was followed by the invasion of France, the repulse of the allies, Prussia and Austria, at Valmy and the rapid successes of the republican arms in Savoy, Nice, and Belgium, Pitt found that Antwerp in the hands of France was like to be a loaded pistol at England's head. The French Government were still anxious to neutralise England. But their interests were in the hands of inexperienced blunderers. The frightful loss of experienced men (due in part to the self-denying ordinance of the constituent assembly in 1791) and the giddy preference for newcomers were among the most lethal symptoms of the revolutionary movement. Needing natures that were able yet self-restrained, bold but cautiously bold, it now found as leaders calculating fanatics like Robespierre, headstrong orators and wire-pullers like the Girondin leaders, or lucky journalists like Lebrun. To play to the gallery was Lebrun's first instinct, and indeed the tottering fortunes of the Gironde made such a melodramatic course almost a necessity. Danton was unhappily away on a mission. Lebrun and his colleagues refused to draw back a hair's breadth from the aggressive posture they had assumed. Behind them loomed the September massacres and the execution of Louis Capet. They were dazzled in front by the lurid dawn of a liberating crusade. Pitt's uncompromising frigidity of demeanour drove Chauvelin into wildly undiplomatic expedients. The helplessness of rich Holland and the boundless confidence inspired by Jemappes impelled the republicans to bluff Britain beyond the limit of safety. The Government had determined on the integrity of Holland as an irreducible minimum. Traditional English feeling wafted them towards a breach with France. Loyalty, the King, the mob, party solidarity, historic sentiment, and hatred

Miss Tait. **Archbishop Davidson** (the present Archbishop of Canterbury). **Mrs. Davidson.** **Mrs. Benson.** **A. C. Benson.** **Mrs. Cooper.**

of Fox all fanned the gale in the same direction. Yet so great is our estimate of Pitt's ruling capacity, instinctive sagacity, and power, that we imagine he might even yet, for a time at any rate, have staved off the war. Were his eyes bandaged by self-confidence or was he, too, blinded by party spite? He cannot have been justly confident of success. See what Fortescue says in his "History of the Army" of the disgraceful state of the services during the years 1793–7. The most extraordinary thing in all Pitt's career, perhaps, is the magical success with which, in spite of notorious failure, tremendous taxation, and deplorable scandals in almost every branch of the administration, he managed to convert the struggle into a holy war, defended with heart-burning eloquence from half the pulpits in England and identified more and more as years went on with the *primum mobile* of continued national existence.

The "stately column" of Scott's majestic simile, the "beacon light" of Canning and Nelson, there can be no doubt as to Pitt's position in the very front rank of English statesmen. His name is still a lantern unto the paths of parliamentarians. He was the Chatterton of politics, the "marvellous boy." England, as Lord Salisbury says, may well cherish his fame and look upon his greatness with an interest which no other single image in modern political history can claim. "She owes it to him that she was rescued from the deep degradation into which corruption and imbecility had plunged her. She owes to him the policy which, planned and commenced by him, and perfected by his disciples, placed her on a pinnacle of greatness which no modern nation had attained before. But she owes to him a greater benefit than all these—an example of pure and self-denying patriotism, and the elevation of public feeling which it has worked." Calm in danger, tranquil in victory, he could not but impart something of his own coolness and confidence—even to the stock market. In 1797, the darkest year of all, Spencer went to Downing Street to see the Premier. Pitt, being roused from his slumbers, sat up in bed, heard the case, and gave his instructions. Lord Spencer took leave and withdrew. But no sooner had he reached the end of the street than he remembered one more point which he had omitted to state. Accordingly he returned to Pitt's house and desired to be shown up a second time to Pitt's chamber. There after so brief an interval he found Pitt as before, buried in a profound repose. So imperturbable even in the foulest weather was the pilot that weathered the storm.

If the estimates of Salisbury and the Tories err on the side of reverence and enthusiasm, those of Macaulay and Acton are unquestionably too severe. The great merit of Mr. Rose is that his estimate is so judicious and his balance in the main so very fair that it may reasonably claim to be accepted by both sides with the smallest possible deduction for biographical bias. In oratory, he concludes, Pitt did

> "not equal Sheridan in wit and brilliance, Burke in richness of thought and majesty of diction, or Fox in massive strength and debating faculty; but while falling little

short of Fox in debate, he excelled him in elegance and conciseness, Burke in point and common sense, Sheridan in dignity and argumentative power, and all of them in the felicitous wedding of elevated thought or vigorous argument to noble diction. By the side of his serried yet persuasive periods the efforts of Fox seemed ragged, those of Burke philosophic essays, those of Sheridan rhetorical tinsel. . . . Concentration of effort on political and diplomatic questions was the alpha and omega of Pitt's creed. The terrible pressure of events forbade his looking far ahead or far afield; he marched straight onward, hoping by his untiring efforts first to restore national prosperity and thereafter to secure a peace which would inaugurate a brighter future. His overtaxed strength collapsed when the strain was most tense; and his life therefore figures as a torso, which should not be criticised as if it were the perfect statue. Yet as moral grandeur is always inspiring, Pitt's efforts were finally to be crowned with success by the statesmen who had found wisdom in his teaching, inspiration in his quenchless hope, enthusiasm in his all-absorbing love of country. . . . Europe after Waterloo testified alike to the sagacity and the limitations of the mind of William Pitt."

With which somewhat double-edged dictum we must leave this memorable and, let us firmly trust, enduring monument to England's most hated and most proudly venerated statesman.

New Books.

POETRY AND PROSE.*

"*Il n'y a, pour s'exprimer, que la prose et les vers*," said his Master of Philosophy to Monsieur Jourdain long ago, and we all know roughly how "prose" differs from "verse," and recognise that, when we put our thoughts in language, we must use either one or the other. But when it comes to "poetry and prose" the case is by no means so clear, for while what is called poetry may often be sheer prose, prose on the other hand may sometimes rise to the very heights of poetry. Take, for instance, the first three verses of Genesis and consider the words "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," or the phrase "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light," which Longinus quotes as an instance of sublimity. Or read the vision of Isaiah when he "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple," or St. Paul's outburst in praise of charity, and ask whether the feeling aroused is not, in large measure, strictly poetical. And then, on the other hand, let any one take the Odes of Horace, those marvels of verse, the music of which lingers for ever in the ear, and ask himself whether Goethe was wholly wrong in denying, or Byron in being unable to "feel," their poetic power. Every one, indeed, can recall a thousand instances for himself which will suggest to him what elusive terms "prose" and "poetry" in fact are, so that lovers of literature will turn to a volume which bears a title so fascinating as the present one with eager interest and expectation. They will, however, meet with considerable disappointment. After an opening chapter headed "Poetry, a Note," they will find essays on Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Emerson, Arnold, and Meredith, with a concluding one on "Emerson's Doctrine of the Infinite," but except for its place at the top of the pages there is little to remind them of the nominal subject of the book. About prose, except so far as certain poetry is shown to be prosaic, there is no discussion whatever. After the first three pages, it practically disappears, and in these we learn such facts as that it is "the language of the normal man," which perhaps it is, or "the language of cool reason," which it certainly is often not, or that it is "without rhythm" (though it may have "rhythmic quality"), whereas every one who has ears or who has read Cicero on the subject, knows that the rhythm of prose is subject to laws not less delicate than those of verse. The nature of prose is, however, comparatively an indifferent matter. That of poetry, on the other hand, is so important and so difficult to determine that it needs examining in the clearest light and by the most illustrious examples. But Mr. Jack ignores Homer and Virgil, Dante and Milton, says very little about Shakespeare, and devotes half his book to Emerson, Arnold, and Meredith, none of whom can be said to exhibit poetic excellence in its most marked and distinctive form, while the difficulties which he consequently incurs will be sufficiently indicated by a single and very singular quotation. At the close of his essay on Meredith, after allowing that he "often trips over his thought, gets through sometimes by a series of tumbles, sometimes altogether fails to get out his idea," he yet contends that he is a poet because he somehow "suggests the atmosphere of the ideas he is trying to resolve," and then adds this final sentence: "That is poetry which yields a poetical effect." The reader, who for nearly two hundred and fifty pages has been seeking to learn what "poetry" is, will hardly, one imagines, be wholly satisfied with the definition.

The fact is that the author has a very real interest, not in poetry as a whole, but in certain strictly modern poetry. Such poetry does not include Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson, whom he appears to depreciate, remarking, for instance, that "Tennyson was sufficiently an artist to display the poet Tennyson"—whatever that may mean—whereas "Meredith is artist enough to make a poet 'Prophetic of the coming joy and strife,'" which is apparently a higher form of artistry. His concern is with "Poetry of the Intellect," and with its three hierophants, "Emerson; the Poet as Teacher," "Arnold: Critical Poetry," and "Meredith: Intellectual Poetry." Gray, who represents "Social and Prose Poetry"—poor Gray!—Burns, who is "Natural and Spontaneous," Wordsworth, who is "Basic and Elemental," and Byron, who is "Oratorical," are the forerunners of a new era in poetry, the aim of which will henceforth be "the emotionalisation of knowledge," and which will "no longer confine itself to the chronicling of action and the topics of Love and Doubt," but will "sing the beliefs of the new man." Religion, properly so called, will yield it no inspiration, for its theme is "a philosophy without a creed," and its "mystic song" tells only:

> "Of tendency through endless ages,
> Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
> Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
> Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
> Of chemic matter, force and form,
> Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm,"

while the "new man," forgetting all hope of heaven, finds his "consolation" in the thought that he belongs to "the All," which is "the Universal Soul," that "he is part of the evolutionary process," and other similar and rather dreary reflections. The poetry, in fact, which Mr. Jack chiefly discusses is a poetry which will seem to plain men to have deserted its proper business in order to deliver lectures on "The Doctrine of the Infinite" and a somewhat dubious philosophy which finds its satisfaction in the speculative contemplation of "Earth" and "Nature." Possibly the plain man's view may be the wrong one, but

* "Poetry and Prose." By A. A. Jack. 6s. net. (Constable.)

one thing at least is certain. If poetry is to usurp the place of prose and expound philosophy, it should assuredly be able to express itself. Mr. Jack, indeed, thinks otherwise and counts Meredith's "habit of obscurity" among his merits, and we all remember Goethe's lines about "the magic veil of Poesy, wrapping itself lovingly about the truth," but if "Poesy" is going to teach philosophy and "emotionalise knowledge," then it is perhaps well to remember that Lucretius, who took to the business two thousand years before Meredith, was the greatest master of lucidity that the most lucid of languages ever produced. Common sense demands that the "Poetry of Intellect" should in the first place be intelligible.

But if this volume arouses opposition, it will equally excite interest. The author alternately irritates and delights. To read that "'The Heart of Midlothian' offends us morally," and that "Byron was at bottom an ordinary man," to see Gray's Elegy deliberately turned into prose and shown to be the development "of a little school essay," or to find a sonnet highly praised which contains the lines:

> "Warm-lighted looks, Love's ephemerioe,
> Shoot gaily o'er the dishes and the wine,"

all this is simply exasperating. On the other hand the writer's merits are as distinct as his defects, and in criticism, as in poetry, it is only merit that should count. He treats Wordsworth, for example, with the rarest insight. "At his best," he tells us, "his poetry is so purely poetry" that its true quality may easily be unobserved: "the glass," he writes—and the remark is surely of the best—"seems empty because there is nothing but pure water in the glass." Or again, dealing with that tiny gem "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," he prints the first and third stanzas, two marvels of the simple statement of personal emotion exactly as it was felt, and then bids us insert the second stanza:

> "A violet by a mossy stone
> Half hidden from the eye!
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky,"

and note how the strictly personal sentiment is, "by a faculty of sudden vision," brought at once into intimate relation with nature, with the heaven above and with the earth beneath. In speaking, too, of Byron, there could be nothing better, or more germane to his subject, than the distinction he draws between the eloquence of the orator and the poet, pointing out that the object of the one is to "excite" and of the other to "record feeling," so that the orator "has his eye always on the audience," whereas the true poet speaks simply because he feels, so that true poetic eloquence should be, as Mill puts it, "not heard but *over*heard." And similarly in writing about Meredith, when he is not, to use a phrase of Aristotle's, "defending a thesis," he writes admirably. He makes the reader feel—and it is no easy task—that beneath Meredith's involution and obscurity there lies a real poetic power. We watch the poet "beating his music out," and though his discords still jar upon the ear, we catch, as it were, something of a true and real harmony. Indeed, whether they agree with him or not, all lovers of poetry should assuredly read Mr. Jack's volume. Its contents may not correspond with its title, and it contains many things which may offend, but as a collection of essays not on poetry generally, but on certain poets, whom the writer somewhat arbitrarily selects, it contains much that is of great and occasionally of the highest interest.

T. E. PAGE.

THE HERMIT KINGDOM.*

Some years ago, London was startled by the news that the representative of a foreign nation at the Court of St. James had committed suicide at his Embassy. It was in this tragic way that the people of Great Britain were made to realise the passing of the ancient kingdom of Korea. In the Western mind, there still lingers an illusion that the people of the East are something outside the ordinary run of human beings. All the literature that has been written on the subject of China and Japan and the yellow races has not served to obliterate the effect produced by several decades of comic operas and comic stories, in which the Jap and the Chinaman have figured as delightful laughter-provoking characters. We are still apt to think of the two great empires of the East as something bizarre and almost childish, and as for Korea, if we ever thought of her at all, it was merely as an absurd little country that went through the ridiculous farce of having a king and a people and some puerile national ideals. And yet, as Mr. Longford reminds us in his excellent book, Korea was up to August 22, 1910, a country whose national tradition and history had extended over four thousand years, whose foundation as a kingdom was coeval with that of the Assyrian Empire, and which could boast of a dynasty of sovereigns which had continued in an unbroken line from

A Village School.

From "The Story of Korea" by Joseph H. Longford (Fisher Unwin.)

* "The Story of Korea." By Joseph H. Longford. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

1392. The author traces the story of Korea from eleven hundred years before the Christian era, down to its recent annexation by Japan, and in close upon four hundred pages presents the reader with a very vivid picture of a remarkable race.

Sir Robert K. Douglas, in his "Europe and the Far East," which was published seven years ago in the Cambridge Historical Series during the progress of the Russo-Japanese War, related with great ability the exact position which Korea occupied in the struggle for predominance in the Far East. Mr. Longford, with later facts before him, has been able to tell us the sequel—how China exercised a protective suzerainty over the kingdom, how after the Chino-Japanese War this protection was removed and the field left open to Russia and Japan, how Russia for a time had everything her own way, how Japan wrested this influence from her, how she established her suzerainty over Korea similar to our position in Egypt, and how, finally, the murder of Prince Ito in October, 1909, led inevitably to the dethronement of the Emperor and the annexation of the country. But it is not only in this latter-day story of Korea that Mr. Longford is interesting. He has given us the most complete history of the country that has yet been published. In particular, Korea's relations with Europe are fully described, and there is an excellent chapter on Korea's foreign trade and Japanese enterprise. The book contains thirty-three illustrations and photographs, and at the end of the volume there is an excellent map of the country, a rare thing to find in a modern book.

CHURTON COLLINS.*

It is a singularly striking and forceful personality that emerges in clear outlines from the pages of Mr. L. C Collins's memoir of his father. One closes the book with the conviction that the late Churton Collins was, in his own way, one of the quite exceptional men in the English literary world of his time. His prodigious memory, the immense range and accuracy of his learning, his single-hearted devotion to literature, the catholicity of his interests, his independence of judgment and absolute fearlessness in the expression of his opinions, however unpopular, combined to qualify him for very high rank among contemporary critics. Yet his life-story leaves us with a depressing sense of comparative failure. His practical achievement in literature was altogether out of proportion to his splendid endowments; he never took the place to which he would seem to have been justly entitled; never made the mark one would have expected him to make, and which his friends held that he ought to have made, upon current taste and thought. A pathetic quotation from his private "commonplace book," or diary, is evidence that he himself realised the futility to which so much of his effort was doomed. Writing at a time when he believed (wrongly, as it turned out) that nothing would come of his attempt to secure the foundation of a scholarship at Oxford for the comparative study of classical and English literatures, he says: "I have never succeeded in anything except as a lecturer; everything that I have essayed has broken down, even when there seemed every chance of succeeding, as here." This indeed must be read as the utterance of a mood of unusual bitterness. But as his son frankly acknowledges, "in one respect his life was a tragedy," in respect, namely, of the inadequacy of the rewards which he reaped from the powers which he expended and from the services which he rendered. From its outset almost to its close, his career was one of struggle; and the struggle was made the severer by the torturing doubts and apprehensions to which a certain morbid strain in his temperament made him a constant prey. In the midst of his strenuous labours as lecturer and reviewer he was ever haunted, we are told, by the fear lest his health should collapse and his very means of existence be imperilled; and though "ultimately he gained such a post as he had for many years desired"—the Chair of English Literature in the University of Birmingham—"he was no longer a young man, and being elected, as is usual, on probation for a certain period, he was much harassed, in his depressed moments, by uncertainty as to the future." On the whole, the impression which this book makes upon us is that great promises were very imperfectly redeemed.

How is this comparative failure to be explained? In such cases it is often difficult to give a satisfactory answer; success or the want of it appears so frequently to be a matter of mere fatality. Certain it is that many men of exceptional ability fall far short of their possibilities through lack of industry and the power of concentration. No such reason can be alleged in regard to Churton Collins. A man of splendid physique, with an immense capacity for work, he was both able and willing to do his fifteen and sixteen hours a day; while his artistic conscience, as the record shows, imperatively demanded of him that he should take the utmost pains with whatever he had in hand and be satisfied with nothing but his best. That he never scamped even a point of detail, and shirked no toil which might be necessary to ensure accuracy, is strikingly shown by a circumstance noted in connection with his edition of the writings of Robert Greene; as the year of Greene's birth is doubtful "he ransacked the registers of forty-two churches in Norwich to find the entry of his baptism, and found it." One plain fact, however, stands out very clearly. As he had no assured position or source of income, practical necessities compelled him for many years to give most of his time and energy to the mere drudgery of lecturing and teaching—in other words, to work which did not count. For this compulsion, it is admitted, he had himself largely to blame. A man "ever ready to speak out and to face the consequences," as his son says, "he lost sight of all his own interests when he was on the war-path, and did not spare his pen in attacking the very foundations of learning—the venerable institutions of Oxford and Cambridge, which he loved so much, but in which he found something wanting." "On the war-path" is an apt phrase to describe Churton Collins in his polemical moods. We cannot but admire his courage and his quixotic zeal. But he was violent and sometimes deficient in tact; his iron hand was never encased in a glove of velvet; he had in an unusual degree the faculty of stirring up antagonism. More than once, to his infinite regret, he turned friends into foes; and—which is more important from the practical point of view—in his famous crusade against the two sister universities he caused himself to be regarded by them as a dangerous malcontent and even something of a firebrand.

Yet, as his biographer is careful to insist, and as the whole tenor of the book enables us to see for ourselves, if in the practical sense the life of Churton Collins was very much of a failure, there is a larger and deeper sense in which it was not a failure at all. At least, he had his compensations. If he had to work hard, he thoroughly enjoyed his work; till towards the close, at any rate, his heart and soul were in it—even in the routine and drudgery; he had ample opportunity to realise the truth of the great saying that the love of literature is its own reward; and his vigorous constitution permitted him to carry on his enormous labours so easily that he was never laid up in the whole course of his career, nor once (save through an occasional loss of voice) missed a lecture—and "the number of the lectures he delivered cannot have been less than 10,000"—on account of ill-health. As one who knows

* "Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins." Written and compiled by his son, L. C. Collins. With 2 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

something of the strain and stress of continual lecturing, I may be allowed to express my admiration of such a record. Nor did he always fail in his larger schemes and purposes; he had the satisfaction of knowing that several of them—like the recognition of English literature at the universities and the Passmore Edwards Scholarship at Oxford—were, after long toil and waiting, ultimately crowned with success. Moreover, it is after all incorrect to say, in the phrase which I have myself used, that the hack-work which absorbed so much of his time and strength was altogether work which did not count. It is difficult, perhaps quite impossible, in such a matter to gauge results; but the work of a great teacher of literature does emphatically count; and Churton Collins was undoubtedly a great teacher of literature. It is true that he was not free from more than a suspicion of pedantry; that he had an exaggerated idea of the value of the classics and their influence on modern literatures; that he was led thereby into some extraordinary vagaries of opinion about Shakespeare and other subjects. But such peculiarities interfered but little with the excellence of his platform and classroom teaching, into which he imported, together with his fine scholarship, his equally fine enthusiasm for whatever is great and noble in literature.

While the present volume is adequate as a record of the career of Churton Collins as a man of letters, it might, I think, have given us fuller information about his interests and activities on other lines. Some curious sidelights are thrown upon his character by what the writer tells us about his father's love of cemeteries—"whenever he went to a new place the first spot visited was the cemetery"—and his deep interest in criminology. The book would have gained much in freshness on the purely human side if more of such personal details had been introduced. But we are at least grateful for what we learn from it about the man's moral attitude towards life. His was "an uphill task"; his disappointments were many; and the strange fits of depression from which, despite his robust health, he often suffered, laid a burden upon his shoulders grievous to be borne. Yet throughout he held steadily and resolutely upon his way. He stands revealed as a brave man. "He used to say," his son reports, "that whatever difficulties beset us, whatever doubts assailed us, one thing we were always certain of—what our *next step* should be. The future might be hidden from us, but our *next step* was clear to us. And if he preached 'duty' he practised it, all through his life." "Don't worry over the future state," he once advised a friend; "if you go through life doing your duty towards your neighbour, you won't go far wrong; for this is the first, and the last, and the great commandment."

The chief merits of Mr. Collins's book as a piece of biography are its simplicity and frankness. Its materials might easily have been better digested; it is a trifle rambling in its narrative, and sometimes the perspective is confused. But I am not sure that, considering the circumstances, it does not gain by its artlessness; and the writer has certainly done well to tell as much as possible of his story in extracts from diaries and letters. It is a difficult and delicate matter for a son to write thus familiarly of his father. Mr. Collins has accomplished his task with praiseworthy tact and judgment.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

E. F. BENSON'S NEW NOVEL.*

There is a good deal that is merely pretentious about the novel that is professedly a psychological study; it is not so profound nor so clever as it seems. It is much easier, calls for far less exercise of the imagination, to describe a man's or a woman's thoughts, emotions, passions, than to refrain from such elaborate describings and yet so reveal those thoughts, emotions, passions in conversation and in action that your man or woman shall be fully and intimately comprehended by the reader of average intelligence. That minute detailing of the inner workings of the human consciousness reminds one of the crude methods adopted by our early dramatists, who atoned for an absence of scenery by hanging up labels: "This is a wood"; "This is a street in Venice"; and so forth. Everybody recognises now that the use of the "aside" on the stage is a clumsy and inartistic device; and the novelist who cannot make his characters express themselves clearly through their sayings and doings but has to open them and exhibit their interiors and let us see how the wheels go round has not yet finished learning the rudiments of his art.

Mr. E. F. Benson rightly paints his characters with their minds, like their general anatomy, buttoned up inside them; but before you get to the end of "Juggernaut" you know Margery and her cousin Olive, her Aunt Aggie—Mrs. Morrison—and particularly Arnold Leveson as thoroughly as if you had watched the operations of the mental and moral machinery that moved them to say and do what they have said and done. This is Mr. Benson's praise, that he has chosen the less pretentious but more difficult and more excellent way of his art. His story is simple enough and ordinary enough, but he so vividly realises his characters, brings you to such a sympathetic understanding of them and so entirely captures your interest in them that they are the story, and you go on reading because you want to know as much as is to be known of them.

You see Margery develop from the charming, impulsive, rather tomboyish and withal very girlish girl to the no less charming woman, married for sheer love to the self-centred scholarly Leveson, wonderfully reconciling herself to his unconsciously selfish neglect of her, accommodating her lighter habits to his staider ones, yet under her new, maturer demeanour keeping her pretty, earlier characteristics wistfully subdued. Leveson again—love makes for a while a great upheaval in his life; he loses all interest in ancient Egypt and, after a little striving against them, gives himself up unreservedly to Margery's witcheries. For six months after marriage he has no inclination to return to his archæological pursuits; then, with a growing insistence, the old voices call him, he gets Margery to abandon the delights of a London season that she is whole-heartedly enjoying, and to go back to their country house, where he is soon reabsorbed in his library and his ancient studies and leaves her more and more to herself.

He loves her still, but by a score of illuminating little suggestions you are made to feel how, in all his thoughts of her and in all his arrangements for her, he spontaneously assumes that she is bound to be interested primarily in whatever interests him and pleased by whatever gives him pleasure. By a touch at the end, which is perhaps the finest and subtlest thing in the book, Mr. Benson condenses a volume into half a page, and from one slight incident and a few lines of dialogue you catch a revelation of all the years of life that lie before Margery, and how she will go through them to the last. She has another lover; the man who had been a child with her, and whom she ought to have married, but she has nothing but closest and deepest friendship for him, and he remains loyal to his love of her throughout. The story is leavened with shrewd epigrams and some delightful humour. Mrs. Morrison, the aunt who adopts Margery in her childhood and whose matrimonial designs for her daughter Olive are spoilt when Margery marries Leveson, is one of Mr. Benson's happiest creations. She is one of those women who are not kind, but only not unkind. It is very characteristic of her that when she wants to get rid of her old pet dog and buy another and more fashionable one, she decides to give the old one to Margery, and so

* "Juggernaut." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

save buying a birthday present for her; from this she comes to persuade herself that she is not doing it to save the expense of a present, nor because she does not wish to keep the dog, and does not like to kill it, but solely because she knows how fond Margery is of animals and how much she would like to have this particular dog. "Juggernaut" would be well worth reading if it were only for the sake of meeting the garrulous, amusingly fussy and self-deceiving Mrs. Morrison; but it is so strong and so taking a story that it would be well worth reading even if Mrs. Morrison had no part in it.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

SAINT AND PROPHET.*

Towards the end of 1854, the allied armies in the Crimea began the long and almost hopeless siege of Sebastopol. Within the fortress there prevailed the most intense and patriotic enthusiasm. "The spirit of the army is indescribable," wrote a young artillery officer to his brother. "Even in ancient Greece there was not so much heroism. Korniloff, when making the round of the troops, instead of saying, as usual, 'Good health to you, boys,' said, 'We must die, my boys. Will you?' And the soldiers shouted, 'We will die, your Excellency. Hurrah!' And this was not affectation. On the face of each man it was plain that he meant it. Already 22,000 of them have kept their promise." Among those 22,000 thus wantonly sacrificed were none that the unpitying world would call irreplaceable; and the newly joined officer who penned the graphic letter just quoted might easily have been one of them, and the world would have cared precisely nothing about the matter. Yet so unawares may angels dwell and be entertained among us, that the death of this sullen, brutish-looking soldier would have changed the spiritual history of millions. His name was Leo Tolstoy. He had already crept unostentatiously into print by the publication in a Petersburg review of certain sketches based upon the recollections of his early days, and he was then, even under fire, writing sketches of the siege that remain to this day absolutely unsurpassed in the fiction of warfare, their vivid realism, their romantic unromanticism, being the parent of such varying progeny as Shaw's "Arms and the Man," Zola's "Débâcle," and Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." Soon, too, he was to write that great and wondrous epic of conflict, "War and Peace," with its swarming myriad of details more triumphantly marshalled into subordination to the artist's general idea than were the human elements of the struggle in the invader's plan of campaign.

But though we should be poor without "War and Peace," we should be poorer still without the vital influence of Tolstoy himself. This troubled and groping world of ours can easily spare an artist: it cannot spare a saint; and it is as saint and prophet that Tolstoy has been, and will be, most powerful. Great as was the writer (and remember that in our time there has been no greater), it was to something greater still that a world-wide homage and affection was offered. To sit, as some intensely respectable journalists did a year ago, in solemn critical judgment upon such a man, to deplore his faith, criticise his personal appearance, arraign his dress and manner of life, is precisely as ludicrous and irrelevant as to hold a coroner's inquest upon the defenders of Thermopylæ. You may prove by irrefragable scientific and academic criticism that such a man as Tolstoy ought not to have any influence, could not have any influence, and therefore did not have any influence—but, there it is! You may even be bolder, and assert (as some do) that in the eighteen-seventies Tolstoy committed artistic suicide and ceased to count for anything; that he became little more than an awful example of a good novelist gone wrong; that, after all, not Tolstoy, but Turgenev, or Dostoievsky, or Gogol, is the really great representative of Russian literature. You may, as I said, do all this;—but, also, you may as well give it up. Your handy slide-rule of criticism will be as usefully employed upon the dimensions of Mont Blanc or the Pacific Ocean. Tolstoy outsoared the limits of our capacity. As M. Romain Rolland puts it, in the charming volume named below:

> "I have read in most of the studies of Tolstoy's work that his faith and philosophy are not original. It is true; the beauty of these ideas is eternal, and can never appear a momentary fashion. Others complain of their Utopian character. This also is true; they are Utopian, the New Testament is Utopian. A prophet is a Utopian; he treads the earth, but sees the life of eternity; and that this apparation should have been granted to us, that we should have seen among us the last of the prophets, that the greatest of our artists should wear this aureole on his brow,—there, it seems to me, is a fact more novel and of far greater importance to the world than one religion the more, or a new philosophy. Those are blind who do not perceive the miracle of this great mind, the incarnation of fraternal love in the midst of a people and a century stained with the blood of hatred!"

But I have kept too long from the actual books that suggested these reflections. No finer single volume about Tolstoy has been written than this of M. Romain Rolland. I say "finer" deliberately; for the distinguished author of "Jean-Christophe" writes of Tolstoy with the command of the fine shades that we expect from an accomplished man of letters. His chapters upon Tolstoy's view of art, written (as, indeed, is the whole of the book) with critical insight that lacks nothing of reverence, are alone sufficient justification for his volume. He is

The House in which Tolstoy died.

From "The Life of Tolstoy," by Paul Birukoff. (Cassell.)

* "Tolstoy." By Romain Rolland; translated by Bernard Miall. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Life of Tolstoy." By Paul Birukoff. 5s. net. (Cassell.)—"In the Days of Serfdom, and Other Stories." By Leo Tolstoy; translated by L. and A. Maude. 6s. (Constable.)

obviously indebted for much material to the large work of Mr. Paul Birukoff, author now of the compact and useful little volume here noticed. His book is shorter and simpler than M. Rolland's. It is, indeed, to use a bold comparison, the St. Mark as the other is the St. John of the Tolstoy legend. The well-chosen and well-produced illustrations are an additional merit of this volume. Lastly we have another outward and visible sign of Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude's admirable devotion to the master. The stories they have presented do not hang together especially well, but what of that? They are all wonderful, the last, "God's Way and Man's," being, indeed, a masterpiece among short stories; and they are translated with the skill and loving insight without which a Tolstoy version is a wasted effort. GEORGE SAMPSON.

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.*

There are hours when the aspect of the present day seems sufficiently depressing; yet, with all the vulgarity and violence admittedly existing, it is only necessary to turn to certain chapters in the true history of the past to realise conditions and practices which would be intolerable and impossible, even in the darkest quarters of the globe, to-day. Such a state of affairs—of barbarity refined, realised, and, it is hoped, finally done with—is illustrated by this handsome volume produced at the Bodley Head. The Marquise de Brinvilliers is not unknown to fame or infamy. Dumas, for one, has made literary use of her misdeeds and charms; and, without question, the woman, her associates, times and crimes, are fair game to writers of romance. Mr. Hugh Stokes has been at pains to arrive at the truth about this writer. He has delved for facts with an excellent good will; and if, even now, the character of the Marquise seems to some extent uncertain—was she, in the beginning, or was she not, fiend or tool?—it is not for want of skill, intelligence, or patience on his part; but because impressions must fade, evidence vanish, and judgments alter over the lapse of two hundred and fifty years.

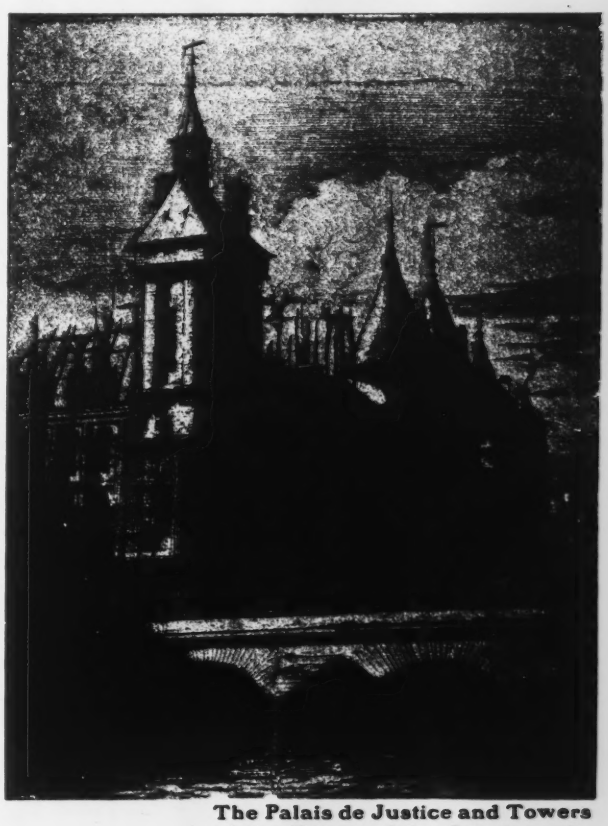
In any case, Madame de Brinvilliers stands out with lurid prominence from the dim vista of the past. If she is not called the queen of poisoners it is only because she had too many imitators and rivals in the ranks of beauty and crime. The poisoned cup has frequently turned the trend of history, but never has it been used with more devilish pertinacity or callous purpose than by this fair Marquise. She was well-born, ambitious, passionate. Love was her bane and her undoing. She was to a great extent the child of her times—those days of the Quatorze which invited the deluge—when licence rioted and the mistake of the morning could be righted by a hired assassin ere the evening was old. Corruption—moral, social, political—had penetrated everywhere. The system of society was based on rottenness. A licentious king, a vicious court, a venal church, and a democracy trained to fetch and to carry, had given the wealthier and the gilded classes full opportunity for abuse. They used that opportunity thoroughly. Intrigues were everywhere: in the palace, the courts of justice, the cloisters, and, of course, the boudoir. The Marquise de Brinvilliers had her affairs; she was especially unfortunate in her principal lover, the Chevalier de Sainte-Croix, a man of sinister destiny. Through him she learnt the art and science of poisoning, and, for his sake and the wealth her crimes would bring, she murdered her father, her brothers, and others. The deeds—after practice on poor patients in the hospitals—were done cold-bloodedly, with an amazing absence of evident concern.

Mr. Stokes tells the story of this woman's ill-doing with such amplitude of detail as the evidence permits. There are a few lapses in the tale; but more than sufficient remains to prove that the Marquise was unquestionably guilty. Yet, the long story of the trial, torture, and punishment of this abominable creature, illustrating the elaborate brutality of her age, leaves the reader not without pity for her. It is easy for us with our just judges, jury system, and ideas of fair play—giving the offender an excellent sporting chance—to read with satisfaction of the due punishment of a proved criminal; but the old iniquitous system of undefended prisoners, prosecuting judges, long periods of exhausting confinement, searching cross-examinations, trickery, espionage, treachery, with such abominations of cruelty as the "question," and the long-drawn ceremonies of the execution amid the hisses and invective of a hostile mob, make the blood race furiously still, even though such doings are as dead as the moon. Madame de Brinvilliers was odious; but her last days were not without something of the fortitude of the martyrs. Nothing in life became her so well as her manner of leaving it.

There is a strange fascination about these stories of old crime; and though this Brinvilliers tale is peculiarly sordid and brutal, it is full of interest to the student of man, as showing humanity with the glamour gone and its glory, real or illusory, reversed. The criminal is as extraordinary as the genius. He is subject to no standard or rule, as this lovely diabolical Marquise showed. How fortunate it is that the criminal has so often made a fatal mistake! As she did. Sheer carelessness killed her, as it has other malefactors, before and since. How fortunate, also, is it that so much knowledge possessed by the old poisoners has been lost and forgotten. The rose which, once smelled—the gloves which, once put on—meant death, were results of cleverness well lost. We have our vulgarities, trivialities, and vices, but, as was more or less said by the hero of "When Knights were Bold," better twenty minutes in a broken-down motor-bus than the life of the good old times.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times, 1630–1676." By Hugh Stokes. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and 15 other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)



The Palais de Justice and Towers of the Prison of the Conciergerie.

After Charles Meryon's etching, "La Tour de l'Horloge."
From "Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times," by Hugh Stokes. (John Lane.)

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.*

The reason why there has so far been no book on Peacock is that the material is far from sufficient. There are now two because the number of books on celebrated authors has driven biographers to the more secluded. Apparently there never can be sufficient material for a "Life and Letters," and let us "thank whatever gods there be" for it. The more critical and the less biographical the book the better it is likely to be. An unfortunate division of labour has produced two books at the same time on a man who was never before the subject of a book. It is unfortunate for the two able and painstaking biographers, because they will have to divide the meagre spoils of literary biography and criticism; unfortunate for the reader, because neither book is quite sufficient n itself, and yet either might easily have been made so with a little help from the other. Thus, for example, Mr. Van Doren is sometimes able to establish as a fact what Mr. Freeman spends much care in showing to be a probability. Mr. Freeman's is easier to read, and is the stronger in criticism; Mr. Van Doren's contains more new things, and dates, which are not things, though these are few, and, except for the India House period, do not help us much or bring us anywhere near completeness. Of all writers no one openly tells less about himself than Peacock; of no nineteenth-century writer has less been told by others. Dr. Young, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Van Doren have enabled us to see veiled facts in Peacock's fiction, but so far as these relate to himself and his private life they are unimportant. He is not a writer who calls for biographical footnotes. His work is, perhaps, singularly complete in itself, everything in it clearly and finally translated into literature and the Peacockian tongue, "remote, serene and inaccessible" to daily life. His published "Recollections" give little encouragement to the curious. Mr. Van Doren helps them out a little, Mr. Freeman does his best to make them significant. Throughout the book both the absence and the temporary presence of documents have troubled Mr. Van Doren. Mr. Freeman, on the other hand, is so much a master of Peacock's writings, and has such a profound and lively sympathy with them, that he is perfectly at ease when he has merely the open books before him:—he is also, by the way, as satisfactory as possible in dealing with Shelley, and is more acute than his rival in displaying the interaction of the two friends. Neither biographer has really offended against Peacock's native reticence. Mr. Van Doren, however, must be accused of dulness when he goes the length of quoting from Sir M. E. Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary": "I saw a good deal of . Peacock about this time (1853), and enjoyed his society extremely. He was utterly unlike anybody I have ever seen before or since." Such remarks should never be allowed to waste ink except for purposes of castigation or ridicule. The sin of this quotation is obliterated by one from Peacock himself in the "Report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation" (1837): "'I am not aware that it would be any benefit to the people of India to send Europeans amongst them,' he said. Indeed he was of the opinion that such a course would have a sinister effect upon the 'morals and domestic habits' of the Hindoos."

As to criticism, both critics pay a very high compliment to Peacock by allowing him apparently to give some of his own old-fashioned weight and balance to their writing. The weight is at times excessive, though Mr. Freeman has an individual dryness which holds up its head all but continuously, and contributes no little to his readableness. Mr. Van Doren is at his best when he is playing polite variations upon what is usually said about ironists in general, and Peacock in particular. When he gets out of this track he can make mistakes, as when he writes: "It is to his adroitness in maintaining a point of view, and to his care as an artist, rather than to his mental or moral power, that Peacock owes his place in English literature. . . . His fame will reach few who do not read it with native eyes." Here are two improbable and unsupported statements: for surely "adroitness" and "care as an artist" (whatever that may mean) do not give a place in English literature, though they might well produce the mechanical persistency of irony which is the worst fault of Peacock; and, in the second place, his prose looks perfectly ready for translation—Mr. Van Doren himself saying of "Headlong Hall," *e.g.*, that it "constantly reminds one of French comic writings by a clearness of conception and a certain witty elegance not characteristically English." As a rule Mr. Freeman can be relied upon to provide the sane and vigorous comment of an intimate. He does indeed surprise us by calling "The Misfortune of Elphin" a "strikingly original presentment of the life in our island at the close of the period of antiquity," but this is quite exceptional. His chapter on "The Author of 'Headlong Hall'" is good all through. His conclusion is still better, and is a beautiful piece of prose inspired by enthusiasm for Peacock and yet not at all Peacockian. Other enthusiasts will commonly find Mr. Freeman very good to share opinions with, and the most severe will hardly ever call him either dull or unbalanced. His book would stand the test by which he reveals the technical and spiritual faults of Melincourt—"the removal of its dullest portions." It would have been as useful as it is delightful if it had as good a bibliography and index as Mr. Van Doren's book, but it has no bibliography at all.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "The Life of Thomas Love Peacock." By Carl van Doren. With 3 Photogravure Plates. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Thomas Love Peacock: A Critical Study." By A. Martin Freeman. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

MAURICE HEWLETT AT HIS BEST.*

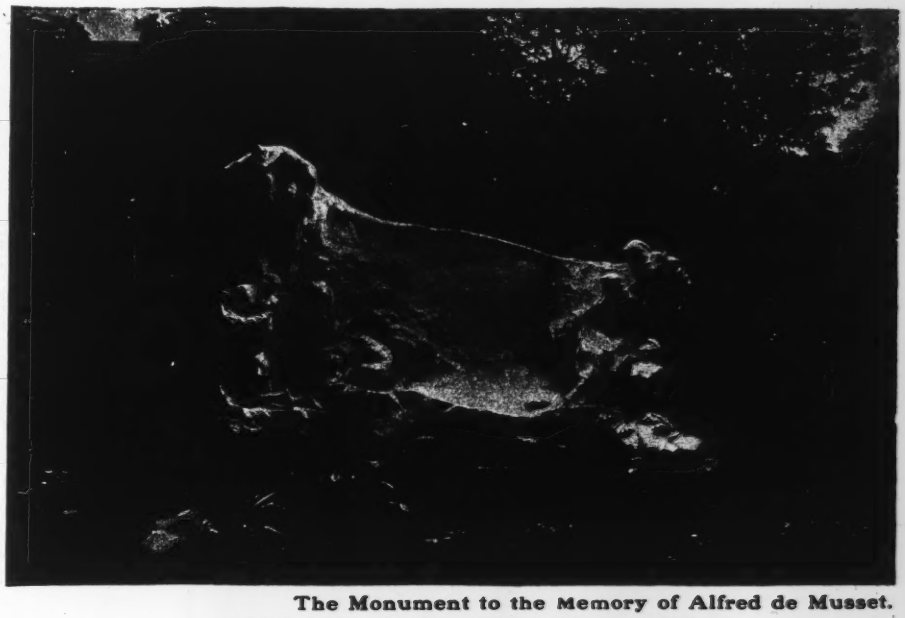
Abandoning for a time the problem novel, historical story, and Boccaccian *contes*, Mr. Hewlett has returned in "The Song of Renny" to his earliest manner, the manner of "The Forest Lovers," fully to recapture the glamour of that most original and glamorous of romances, a glamour which, owing much, of course, to the "Morte d'Arthur" and to William Morris's early mediæval poems, is in its firm seizure of the naked, vital, pungent phrase, in its full-blooded joy in the pride and pageant and colour of life, absolutely unique. This new tale is concerned with the dealings of Gernulf de Salas, Lord of Speir and Earl of Pikpoyntz, with two heiresses of the famous house of Renny, that house the members of which were always cutting one another's throats, and thus justifying their motto of "Renny pas Renie"—*Renny will not be denied.* How the silent patient Sabime runs away with her page Firmin, only to find that she has joined her lot to that of a craven and a libertine, only to fall into the hands of Pikpoyntz's friends and to be incontinently strangled; how Mabilla, the "barbed virgin" of earlier days, marries the fierce, sanguinary, lustful earl, thereby converting him into a lover and a self-flagellant, and eventually goes off with a young troubadour called Lanceilhot; and how, on Prosper le Gai, Earl of Hautenine, intervening, the bloody Pikpoyntz is at length captured and hanged, and the crown of Renny set on the head of the virgin heiress, Donna Hold, a set of circumstances whereby the weird old rune was fulfilled which ran thus:

> "When the martyr wears the Robe,
> A Virgin the Crown,
> And the Girdle finds a middle,
> Renny hath his own;

—all this is set forth in the breathless narrative of Mr. Hewlett's latest romance. The author has rarely been

* "The Song of Renny." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

so truly inspired. Both heiresses are perfectly delightful specimens of womanhood, and the description of poor Sabine's flight and wanderings with her recreant lover, and of his gradual demoralisation under the stress of panic and lust, is one of the most poignant and moving pieces of work that even Mr. Hewlett has accomplished. A minor blot on the book is the character of that lord of rapine, Gernulf de Salas. Pikpoyntz in love is quite inconceivable, however dexterously the author may show him besotted; and another criticism that may be made is that either heroine shows a not quite accountable predilection for a lover of rank inferior to her own. Humility of this sort was shown by Iseult in "The Forest Lovers," by the "woman who did" in the Senhouse trilogy, and by the early nineteenth-century damsel who loved a butcher. Is not Mr. Hewlett giving us too many examples of "The Stooping Lady"?



The Monument to the Memory of Alfred de Musset.
From "The Romantic Past," by Ralph Nevill. (Chapman & Hall.)

A DICTIONARY OF BLOTS.*

"The exact cause of the break (between Lord and Lady Byron) has been debated at enormous length," says our author, and we are tempted to extend the application of this ennuyé sentiment to most of the histories chronicled in this volume. What special interest was served in reviving or rather in retelling for the hundredth or thousandth time the story of the disagreement between Napoleon and Josephine de Beauharnais or of the pathetic parting of Burns and Highland Mary, we are at a loss to discover. Even less known romances such as the devotion of Adam Lux to Charlotte Corday's memory, and the influence for good wielded by Mme. Léonie Léon over Gambetta's heart, have been fully treated in quite recent times, and a réchauffé is not exactly appetising now.

In some respects, too, the chronicler appears to disregard facts brought to light by the researches of modern enthusiasts. It is totally inconsistent with all that we have recently read concerning that curious figure of the French Revolution, Théroigne de Méricourt, to regard her as a "noxious human weed" who "became the leader of a band of female furies and took part in the massacre of the Swiss Guards, and richly deserved the public castigation which a band of women once administered to her in the garden of the Tuileries." A careful sifting of the evidence tends to show, though the evidence is not absolutely conclusive, that she did stimulate revolutionary ardour to acts of violence, but it is quite certain that she took no actual part in the affrays or retired "her arms covered with blood." It is also certain that she was possessed by genuine convictions and was capable of expressing them in glowing oratory. Her case is symptomatic of the uncritical methods of this book.

We are at one with the author, however, in emphasising the exalted sentiments and unimpeachable purity of the domestic life of some of the monsters of the Revolution, Billaud, for instance, who "soaked his hands in blood." He is right too in insisting upon the very harmless character of the Bastille. It was in actual fact "a highly beneficent institution" for sheltering the weak, who were thus "prevented from ruining themselves or others connected with them," and Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities" gives a totally erroneous impression of its character. Once more, however, we must dissociate ourselves from Mr. Nevill's condemnation of the Empress Eugénie as one who exercised a "disastrous influence during the Second Empire." Here, again, the most recent and best equipped authorities give an unqualified denial to tradition.

* "The Romantic Past." By Ralph Nevill. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

A TATTERED HEROINE.*

The title and sub-title of this book, taken in conjunction, suggest clearly that here we have one more example of that art of "white-washing" which is so popular with the writers of biographies. A look at the dedication-page speedily confirms the suggestion. "To the memory of a tender heart, a ruler beloved, a devoted daughter, a faithful friend; a wronged woman, as sinned against as sinning," the author devotes her work—fortifying her case, moreover, with a text and a maxim: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"; and "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*"

When we remember that Marie Louise was the second wife of Napoleon I., the mother of the King of Rome, and the mistress of Neipperg, we must admit that Mrs. Cuthell has an excellent client on whose behalf to exhibit her skill in defence, an excellent object for whom to beg our merciful judgment. Let it be said at once that she has laboured nobly and succeeded in bringing to light whatever of good can possibly be found in the character of Marie Louise. At the same time we cannot hold that she has justified the epithets which she lavishes on her heroine in the dedication. She does not convince us that the Empress was all that she there calls her. And, what is important, somehow she does not seem to have convinced herself. Perhaps it is the all-powerful personality of Napoleon which has obtruded itself on Mrs. Cuthell's mind, and robbed her of the ability to handle the facts as they must be handled if Marie Louise is to appear a sympathetic figure. Only a most violent anti-Napoleonist could really find praise for his faithless second wife. The author of "An Imperial Victim" is rather Napoleonist than not, and therefore

* "An Imperial Victim: Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French, Duchess of Parma." By Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

cannot overlook his devotion to Marie Louise, which he preserved to the agonising last days at Saint Helena, and which she repaid with neglect, treachery, and the dishonouring of his name.

For all that, there is nothing inaccurate in the title of "An Imperial Victim." Marie Louise was a victim—of her father and her country. Mrs. Cuthell brings out well the character of the man whom his daughter "placed on a pedestal and worshipped with a pathetic adoration, blind to any fault or failing." The Emperor Francis II., "the weak spoilt darling of a feeble mother," "educated in the most futile manner," who would "turn pale at the mention of affairs," the narrow absolutist who said "The people? I know nothing of the people! I know only of subjects!" and "thought himself a sort of demi-god"; this man made a favourite of his eldest child, especially when, at the age of fifteen, she lost her mother; and then, when she was barely eighteen, sold her to the arch-enemy of Austria, as the price of a not too humiliating peace. "No one talks of anything but Napoleon's divorce," wrote Marie Louise on January 10, 1810. "I let them all talk, and don't worry myself at all, only I pity the poor princess whom he chooses, for I am sure that it will not be me who will become the victim of politics." On March 28 of the same year, Napoleon descended like a whirlwind on his bride at Compiègne and brought to an end what Lord Liverpool described as "more a rape than a wooing," and Marie Louise was wedded to him of whose name she wrote, as a child of eleven, that it tarnished the work of Blanchard on Illustrious Men from Homer to Bonaparte.

Undoubtedly then the Austrian princess was a victim.

Marie Louise, Empress of the French.

From "An Imperial Victim," by Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell. (Stanley Paul.)

But all the consideration which was shown her in the affair was shown by Napoleon; and, for a princess, her marriage of convenience was a happy and successful one. Napoleon was proud of her, more than kind to her, almost faithful—which meant very much indeed from him. What return she made him is notorious. Perhaps all her weakness could be forgiven, seeing that she was a woman of no strong intellect, placed in an impossible position—all save Neipperg! And who could attempt to explain away Neipperg? Certainly, Mrs. Cuthell does not, a fact which does honour alike to her fairness and to her regard for historical truth.

"An Imperial Victim" is in every way an interesting work. The long chapter on "Parma in the Past" in Volume II. appears to be rather superfluous padding, and there are not a few mis-spellings and a number of lapses in style, the worst of the latter being a sentence in Volume I., p. 267: "The traitors were sitting on a rail, awaiting the saltatory performance of the domestic feline favourite!" This is not English, whatever else it may be. But the book deserves many readers, nevertheless.

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.

HILDA LESSWAYS.*

Although there is a good deal of humour in "Hilda Lessways," the general atmosphere of the book is shrewd and autumnal; one reads through it with a sense of living in a grey world under cloudy skies; and there is something in Mr. Arnold Bennett's minutely exact, clear-cut, wonderfully vivid style that suggests the etching rather than the painting, and so helps out this sense of the greyness and hardness of life with which he impresses us.

"Hilda came home to tea on the next day but one, with a demeanour whose characteristics were heightened by nervousness. The weather was still colder, and she had tied the broad ribbons of her small bonnet rather closely under her chin, the double bow a little to the left. A knitted bodice over the dress and under the jacket made the latter tighter than usual, so that the fur edges of it curved away somewhat between the buttons, and all the upper part of the figure seemed to be too strictly confined, while the petticoat surged out freely beneath. A muff, brightly coloured to match the skirt and the bonnet and her cheeks, completed the costume. She went into the house through the garden and delicately stamped her feet on the lobby tiles, partly to warm them and shake off the few bits of snow, and partly to announce clearly her arrival. Then just as she was, hands in muff, she entered the parlour. She was tingling with keen, rosy life, and with the sense of youthful power. She had the deep, unconscious conviction of the superiority of youth to age. And there were the two older women, waiting for her, as it were on the defensive, and as nervous as she was."

This portrait of Hilda, so careful to miss no smallest item of her make-up, is as uncompromisingly realistic as a photograph; in spite of its reference to colour it affects you as a striking and vigorously lifelike sketch in black-and-white. In its exactitude and its conscientious eye for detail it is characteristic of Mr. Bennett's method, whether he is describing visible things or the thoughts and passions and complex inner workings of the human mind. His development of Hilda from the time when the sense of womanhood begins to dawn within her and fill her with vague "misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised" to the tragic hour of realisation is a masterly essay in feminine psychology. George Cannon, the man she marries, is no less ably drawn, but there is less subtlety in his composition, he is fashioned on simpler lines, is more of an ordinary human being taking the ordinary human being's common view of things. Hilda has no love for him, she is merely attracted by his gross masculinity and subdued and carried away by his forceful, dominating personality, and not by any greatness of soul or charm of manner that belongs to him. In plain words he is a rather unpleasant beast, but he is a dashing fellow, of a certain cunning cleverness and of a cool self-confidence that gives him power over women and

* "Hilda Lessways." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

over better men than himself. Hilda's mother; the half-sister of George Cannon, with whom Hilda goes to keep a boarding-house at Brighton after her mother's death; the Orgreave family—all the minor people of the book, indeed, are pictured and made alive and real with merciless insight and skill.

"Hilda Lessways" is not a sequel to "Clayhanger." It carries that story no further, but goes back over Hilda's earlier career, and telling it all from her standpoint, leaves her again where "Clayhanger" left her—at the point where, after apparently accepting Edwin Clayhanger's love and allowing him to kiss her, she goes off to Brighton and a few days later sends a curt letter to her North-country friends saying she is married, knowing that the news will get to Edwin and so keep him from trying to communicate with her. But now we know all that lay behind that letter; and we are promised that in the last volume of the trilogy we shall learn how Clayhanger's and Hilda's romance was renewed and continued and came to its ending.

It was a hazardous experiment, this of devoting a first volume to an intimate analysis of your hero, a second to a perhaps even more intimate analysis of your heroine, and a third to their joint history after circumstances had, to all appearance, irrevocably separated them, but the experiment has so far been justified by its complete success. There is perhaps not much of the poetry of life or thought in these stories; their power and their peculiar attraction lie in their stark truthfulness. Mr. Bennett does not pretend to portray every variety of human character; those kindly laughable fools and gentle idealists that Dickens loved do not greatly interest him; but the characters he has set himself to know he knows with an amazing thoroughness and has presented here with a supreme and a singularly fascinating art.

THE CHURCH AND THE DIVINE ORDER.*

In a series of penetrating, rapid studies, Professor Oman hurries his readers from the life of Jesus to the present day, through the changing phases of the Christian Church. The thesis of the argument is this: "In some order of love and freedom, that is in some kind of Church, the historical struggle of mankind must be gathered up, and, if it is not being served by the present Churches, then a supreme effort should be made to recall them to their true task." The author does not decline this rôle of Mentor. He is a theologian rather than a historian. What interests him is the conception of God and grace which determines any theory of the Church, and his book is specially valuable on account of the incisiveness with which he emphasises the spiritual and prophetic character of the Church as a religious society. It was high time, for example, that some competent man should speak about Hooker as Dr. Oman does. In this respect his volume may be almost said to furnish an undesigned theological basis for the conception which Mr. Clark has just illustrated in the first volume of his "History of English Nonconformity." It is all to the good that such statements on the nature and vocation of the Church should appear from the pens of responsible Nonconformist theologians. Professor Oman has scarcely space enough here to develop his thesis fully. What he does is to state and to elucidate it crisply in the light of successive epochs in the history of the Church, and particularly in opposition to all external and legal conceptions of the Church's authority. In his proper zeal against these misrepresentations of the genuine Church, he occasionally allows himself to make some ultra-individualistic statements, and to display an aversion to corporate unity which is hardly essential to his leading thought. Still, the heroic and religious idea of the Church is there. And while the closing pages are trenchant, they do not waste themselves in contemporary polemic.

Like all Professor Oman's work, this book teems with acute sentences and flashes of genuine insight. Once or twice, however, the style betrays a certain hurriedness of composition. A sentence like the following is not fortunate, for example: "Arguments about the Church can only end in barren logomachies so long as we are not at one about what manner of God we believe in and what manner of salvation from Him we expect."

* "The Church and the Divine Order." By John Oman, M.A., B.D., D.Phil. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A NEW TALE OF TWO CITIES.*

To pack the cosmic forces into a mouse-trap: such is the task of the novelist when he sets out to catch the rapidly shifting phantasmagoria of this century. For no art-forms fit it: the age, so far as fiction is concerned, is like a plant whose roots have broken the pot in which it grew. Hence the characteristic novels of to-day are vast and chaotic, dealing with class types that emerge from a vaguely suggested outline of crowds. Such were "Clayhanger" and "The New Machiavelli"; such is "Adrian Savage."

In one sense Lucas Malet's new novel is more complex than its forerunners, since, by taking as her hero a man born of mingled French and English descent and by so interweaving the strands of his life that duty binds him to his English kin while inclination draws him towards the Parisian mondaine whose nature answers to his own, she manages to contrast two great civilisations. For at the back of the Englishwoman, Joanna Smyrthwaite, lies the savagery of English life, its ugliness, its despotism; at the back of *la belle Gabrielle* lies the delicate deference for beautiful womanhood, all the Latin gift for living gracefully. In these two women live two races. Yet both women, the one stifled, the other idolised, are hungry, the Englishwoman for love, the Frenchwoman for power and freedom. Admittedly one of the most difficult tasks in painting is to paint the wind; it is the wind of modernity that "Adrian Savage" paints, the wind of that spirit of the age whose most striking aspect is Feminism.

Put in a nutshell "Adrian Savage" tells us that English Feminism is the result of centuries of pedantry on the part of Englishmen who as fathers, brothers, or husbands play the schoolmaster towards their womenfolk on whom they lay the yoke of a ridiculous sense of responsibility towards —no one knows what. Curbed and schooled, Englishwomen live under the dead hand of masculine despotism. Such is the story of Joanna Smyrthwaite, whose diary is the most powerful part of the book: infinitely pitiful it is to see her strong brain, so long in tutelage to a selfish father, now unable to free itself from the petty maxims in which she has been reared. Ugly, angular, narrow, she dies by her own hand because she has nothing in her to attract love. This picture is a true one: no one who has gone below the surface of English life can deny it.

On the French side the bonds are silken, there is no rattling of chains. Madame St. Leger, whom Adrian loves, is a beautiful widow who, married to a second-rate man much her senior, has lived outwardly a life of ease and inwardly a life of disappointment. For to a woman power can only come through a man, and her man was only of the rank and file. Hence when Adrian, the editor of an influential review, offers her marriage she struggles to remain free in body and mind. But she fails; nature is too strong. Both these women, Joanna and Gabrielle, were hungry, and by a subtle irony that many readers will miss, both are left unsatisfied—though the one goes to death and the other to a lover. Only the man has his will.

The French picture of Feminism is less real than the English, for, while Joanna is as actual as a knife-edge drawn across the skin, René Dax, the decadent artist who

* "Adrian Savage." By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

ends in madness, and Zélie de Gand, the ill-omened, seem figures of a fantastic dream. Here, in fact, lies the weakness of the book; with the exception of Joanna's sister, Margaret, none of the chief characters is average. In this drama of the inner world all the figures are either bizarre or heroic; Adrian, the knight *sans reproche*, is as far above average humanity as a Greek statue; Madame St. Leger is a second Monna Lisa; Joanna is of classic build in capacity for pain. Only Margaret, pretty and ease-loving, snatches at dainty dishes, fine clothes, sweet scents—and a lover, as her expression of that craving for a share in the full human lot which we call Feminism.

Nowhere in "Adrian Savage" is there any sense of the spirit of solidarity among women; nowhere is there any hint of the great primary question—shall love be paid for? Lucas Malet halts between two opinions: though the spirit of freedom is exhilarating, in England it bites with nipping shrewdness, in France it brings with it the scent of decay; of nothing worse than autumn woodlands burning to their death, yet none the less of decay. The mystic episodes, of the snapped piano string, of Joanna's sentence of banishment heard far across the Channel from the lips of an outcast, are in keeping with the symbolism of the whole. For the characters are rather forces than people, rather types than individuals.

"Adrian Savage" must take its stand by the side of the masterly pictures of our time, for it is a work of art which stands out with the great challenge—life on this side, my rendering of it on that. What say ye?

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

A QUEEN OF SONG.*

Every branch of art has its aristocracy, but elevation to its peerage goes by election, which is to say that conspicuous merit is its only patent of nobility. Moreover, its signs and title lapse with death—often, alas! before it. If so much be admitted, there is even a regal quality about the position of Madame Albani. The record of her professional career of forty years, which she now herself places before the British public at a time when she has made them her farewell bow—how instinctively one recalls the little tripping run habitual to her with which it was made!—reads like a royal progress through the realm of musical art—which is the whole round world.

It all sounds so easy. From its outset she appeared, and the public applauded: and she has little more to say till she comes to her next appearance. Four years after her début on the operatic stage at Messina in Sicily, in 1870, when she sang in Bellini's "La Sonnambula" at the age of eighteen, she had the good fortune to enlist Queen Victoria's affectionate interest, and thereafter it became even easier. Yet there must be the other side of the picture. At its best the life of a favourite prima donna must hold its years of bitter slavery before she can hope to evoke that universal acclamation which shall ascend as sweet incense to her nostrils.

In the case of Emma Lajeunesse—Madame Albani is of French-Canadian descent, and was born near Montreal—much of the necessary drudgery was got through when she was a young child, for her father, himself a competent musician, undertook her musical training when she was but five years old. "By the time I was eight," she says, "I was able to read at sight the works of the old masters." So much of her time was taken up with study that "I never had a doll." She reviews shortly her subsequent education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart—she was thought to have a decided vocation for convent life, but it was the Mother Superior herself who told her "God has given you your beautiful voice, and I think it is clearly your duty to use it"—the removal of her family to Albany (from which town, however, she is at pains to explain

* "Forty Years of Song." By Emma Albani. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Madame Albani.
(A portrait taken at Florence.)
From "Forty Years of Song." (Mills & Boon.)

that she did not take her professional name), her studies in Paris with Duprez, and in Milan with Lamperti; and then quickly passes to her first public appearances. Thereafter she would appear to have been largely occupied in making friendships with illustrious personages, "which lasted until his (or her) death." But the fruit of those experiences which she barely indicates are apparent in the advice reproduced in her own handwriting for the benefit of young aspirants to vocal fame, and its value cannot be ignored.

For the rest she can of course draw on her memory for a number of anecdotes and reflections, and it is through these chiefly that the sunny, simple nature of the woman behind the singer is revealed. Her chief concern throughout life has been that her art should win recognition. "One must live for one's art!" are her last words. Even her betrothal and marriage came to her in the direct course of her profession, for she wedded Mr. Ernest Gye, son of the renowned manager of Covent Garden under whom she made her first London appearance in 1872. But a singer of the first rank is called upon to assist at many unique occasions. One of the most pathetic of those here recorded tells of how Madame Albani received a command to sing over the coffin of the Queen who had been her friend, and of how King Edward thanked her for this last service with tears in his eyes.

Though as a whole the book is well produced, not all the experience of Mr. Harold Simpson in the making of books—and to him a printed acknowledgment is made for "valuable assistance in completing it"—has availed to eliminate occasional errors of grammatical construction, some of which seem to be due to the "perverting printer." There are some excellent and interesting portraits of Madame Albani herself; but some of the other illustrations are not so germane to the subject-matter, and could have been spared in favour of others which from time to time it suggests.

H. F.

LEAVES OF THE TREE.*

There is a subtle philosophy of life in the very title of Mr. Benson's latest book. Men, he remarks—not only the eleven whose careers he has sketched, but all men—are leaf-like offshoots of a central force "that we cannot direct or control," each with an individuality of its own, and yet every one pulsing with an identical sap of vital energy. From this semi-allegorical idea Mr. Benson develops a sort of moral determinism which is more impressive than convincing. He devotes his epilogue to the task of drawing up a little homily. 'You have looked at my portraits,' he says. 'Now come into the private chapel and listen to my theory of their meaning.'

The portraits remind us of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "The

* "Leaves of the Tree." Studies in Biography. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Household of Faith." Only, Mr. Benson's point of view is less crisp than Mr. Russell's, and his portraits are all masculine. They are studies in personality, deftly arranged. A bishop generally precedes two laymen. Thus Westcott is followed by Henry Sidgwick and J. K. Stephen, a varied trio; Bishop Wilkinson introduces Professor Newton and Frederic Myers; Lightfoot is succeeded by Henry Bradshaw and Charles Kingsley (whom Mr. Benson treats as a man and a poet rather than as a theologian); and Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln precedes Matthew Arnold. They were all known personally to Mr. Benson. He has little stories to tell about them from his own experience, as for example how Kingsley, when sitting with the Bensons on a hot summer afternoon, replied to the question as to what was the pleasantest way of spending a day, by stammering out, "Why, to lie on your b-belly like a lizard in the sun, and to think about nothing." But Mr. Benson by no means burns incense before his figures of biography, not even when they are episcopal or kinsmen. In fact he spends about twenty pages at the beginning in explaining that it is both honourable and kind to tell the truth about the dead, even when the truth does not square with conventional estimates of their excellence.

"We talk freely enough about the living, and do not hesitate, in our intimate circle, to discuss plainly the faults and failings of those whom we love. The only reason why we do not discuss these things more openly with people outside the intimate circle is a relic of barbarism, a desire to safeguard our friends, and not to put a weapon into the hands of possible foes. But death removes all that; and the idea of trying to preserve a reputation unblemished at the expense of truth, to guard a man's memory by suppressing facts, seems to me hopelessly insincere and faint-hearted. To doctor a record, so as to make it into an attractive romance, is a childish, almost a savage thing. The old phrase, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is often misinterpreted; it does not mean that one must indiscriminately praise the dead, but rather that one ought not to say anything about them if one cannot praise them."

This is an old problem in the ethics of biography. Generally, it all depends upon the application of what would be granted as a principle. And when we hurry on with trembling or unholy anticipations to light upon what Mr. Benson has to say about some notorious episcopal biographies (which, as he says of Myers' book on Wordsworth, are panegyrics), we are taken aback to find that his censures are comparatively mild. The introduction, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, raises fearful forebodings. But the sketches contain no startling revelations that will make the flesh creep. But biographical studies can surely be candid and critical without elaborate explanations of why certain anecdotes are permissible, or why it is not disrespectful to hint, for example, that Westcott's personal austerity did not prevent him from leaving a very large private fortune, that no man, not even Henry Bradshaw, can be "heroic in biography," that Lightfoot had no social gifts, or that Bishop Wilkinson's Scotch episcopate was "in some ways the least inspiring episode of his life." Would such admissions offend any but uncritical adorers? When these papers appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the sketch of that crabbed, perverse, old don, Professor Newton, probably struck more readers than one as being particularly incisive. Newton was a character, and the appreciation of him rings true to life. Mr. Benson seems to have received remonstrances upon its frankness, which he carefully answers—carefully, yet superfluously. Neither here nor elsewhere can he be accused of fault-finding. On the contrary, he has held his hand more than once, particularly in the case of Westcott. His delightful volume is a readable estimate of the eleven, as they scored or failed to score in life, with sufficient personal reminiscences to give the record a flavour of its own. It is a pleasure to have these sketches collected in a convenient form, and we hope Mr. Benson will gather for us another handful of similar leaves.

J. M.

Novel Notes.

LOVE LIKE THE SEA. By J. E. Paterson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Patterson is always at his best when he is writing of the sea; and the moods and mystery and perils of the sea make an undertone through his new novel, and the people who draw their livelihood from the sea are the actors in its impressively dramatic story. He has taken a big theme in "Love Like the Sea," and handled it with imagination and with rugged forcefulness. His scene is laid in a fishing village, and the principal characters are three: Richard Derrick, his wife Bella, and her friend Mary. The wife is given to secret drinking, and is less restrained and grows rapidly worse after her husband has discovered her secret. He loves her and makes the best of life in such circumstances; she has her intervals of repentance, and remorsefully induces her friend Mary to devote herself to trying to regenerate her. Mary spends much of her time thereafter at the house; frequently when Derrick returns home from the sea Bella is helplessly asleep and Mary has to tend upon him as well as upon her. From pitying Derrick, Mary drifts into loving him, but for a while hides the truth successfully. Then, little by little, others suspect and he knows of it, and in spite of himself grows to love her passionately in return. Here are the elements of great tragedy, or of one of those squalid love intrigues that we are getting tired of reading. Mr. Patterson fashions them into a clean, strong story of elemental but decent human creatures; a story that is touched with tragedies of jealousy, misunderstanding, death, and moves through these shadows to a fitting close.

NO MAN'S LAND. By L. J. Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Garrett Coast, a wealthy man well known in New York society, saw his host shoot a fellow-guest as the result of a quarrel over a game of bridge. Just as the police are coming the murderer attempts suicide, and Coast, in his effort to prevent this, seizes the pistol. The police find him with the pistol in his hand, and the real murderer denounces him as the criminal, and his story is supported by the only other man present. Coast is tried for murder and condemned, but the third man confesses to perjury, and he is soon released. But in the meantime the real murderer has escaped, and to evade the persecution of the New York press, Coast takes to single-handed yachting off the New Bedford coast. Here he is joined by an entertaining and resourceful nondescript, who proves to be a secret service agent. Many exciting adventures follow, which recall some similar chapters in "The Riddle of the Sands." The versatile detective adds to his nautical gifts an agreeable vein of persiflage, and easily persuades Coast to take a hand in the pursuit of some desperate smugglers who have made the little deserted island called "No Man's Land" their headquarters. The experienced novel reader will soon detect the long arm of coincidence, and will not need to be told that the principal smuggler is none other than the missing murderer, who has in the meantime entrapped into marriage the fascinating lady whom Coast has long been wooing in vain. The situation is both piquant and complicated, and before the entanglement is finally unravelled the hero and the detective go through some thrilling moments. We like especially the idea, quite a novel idea, of the blind man who was not blind. Occasionally the details and the phraseology are a little too American to be entirely intelligible to English readers. But this is a trifling defect in a story which can be confidently recommended to all who enjoy an exciting narrative of adventure briskly and vividly told.

POLLYOOLY. By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

"Pollyooly," instead of being the name of some prehistoric animal, as perhaps one might imagine on seeing this

title, is really a most fascinating little girl. We first meet her in sorrowful circumstances—she has just lost her only relative and so is left at twelve years old with the guardianship of a small brother of three—"the Lump"—and a determination to keep him out of the workhouse. Happily fortune smiles on her and she is soon installed in the dignified position of housekeeper to the Hon. John Ruffin—a barrister. Pollyooly with her quaint independent ways endears herself more and more to one's imagination as one reads. Although perhaps the fates are kinder to her than would be the case outside the two covers of a book, none could envy her her good fortune. Perhaps the reader would have preferred Pollyooly to have been allowed a little more to say for herself, especially on the occasion of her examination at the police-station. It is not often one has the pleasure of reading such a perfectly happy story, and it is to be hoped that in some future book Mr. Edgar Jepson will tell us some further adventures of Pollyooly and "the Lump."

THE NOTORIOUS MISS LISLE. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Notorious Miss Lisle" is a clever and engrossing story. The author unfolds a well-thought-out plot very skilfully and introduces us to a set of uncommonly interesting people. Gaenor Lisle, the heroine, is a victim of circumstances; when the reader, and Peter Garstin, a well-to-do young man travelling for pleasure, first meet her she is a strange, sullen, unsmiling girl, with a hint of mystery about her which arouses the curiosity of both; the curiosity leads to warm admiration from Gaenor as the story develops and her pluck and fighting spirit become evident. Although one would feel inclined to blame her for marrying Peter without first disclosing her "past," one soon forgives her when one realises her innocence and the web of lies in which she is caught. "I think God punishes some people too hard," she says drearily. "I have only been silly. . . . Many people seem to be really wicked and to get off far more easily than I have." Luckily Peter has pluck as well as Gaenor and he faces their trouble resolutely and fights—fights hard and not vainly for his happiness, and hers.

IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE. By Arthur W. Marchmont. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Take a susceptible young man of highly romantic tendencies, place a beautiful girl in his path, and he will fall in love with her. This is what happened to Ralph Donnington, and it is useless for Mr. Marchmont to protest that up to that moment his hero "had never cared for any woman, except my sister, and the thought of marriage had never entered my head." Gentlemen of Mr. Donnington's sort always fall in love in Mr. Donnington's particular manner. We are quite content that it should be so—certainly in the case of "In the Name of the People." For this is an unusually attractive novel of incident and adventure. The hero's flame is a Portuguese girl, living in the Portugal of a very few years ago, and the storm-centre of the plots and counter-plots of Dom Miguel and the Republic. The adventures begin on the fifth page of the book, where the hero finds himself placed in the centre of a seditious mob which is fighting loyal police, and regarded as an enemy by both parties, and the story's very numerous excitements are hardly finished by the time page 352 is reached. Mr. Marchmont is always readable and brisk, and these qualities are more pronounced than ever in his latest novel. The author has seldom done more attractive work.

THE TWYMANS. By Henry Newbolt. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There are two educations for a young man, said Lamartine: the education he receives from his mother, and the education he receives from the first woman he loves after his mother. Mr. Newbolt's hero is a youth who receives both of these educations. His mother is a widow, with definite views about her son's duty of claiming an inheritance which had passed into the hands of another branch of the family. His lady-love is a daughter of the enemy, the sister of his best friend at Oxford. Althea's influence unconsciously tells against Mrs. Twyman's, and Percival's chivalrous nature has to decide upon its proper course under the conflict of these opposing breezes. The decision is complicated by his Twy-nature. But eventually the father's spirit in him prevails. When set down in black and white, this plot does not sound particularly novel or even attractive, and it must be confessed that the reader has some difficulty in getting under weigh. Prefaces to novels, even in the shape of dedicatory letters, should be put down by an Act of Parliament. But, once Percival goes to school at Downton, we feel that Mr. Newbolt is putting into this study of adolescence reflections and experiences which are deeper than the ordinary observations of a novelist. This impression is confirmed as the book proceeds. Mr. Mundy and Commander Twyman, the boy's guardians, typify the utilitarianism and the chivalrous influences in modern life, and Percival's education at the hands of the two women develops him into a character of real interest, which is subtly drawn. Mr. Newbolt describes his novel as "a Tale of Youth." It is not an ordinary tale of youthful ferocity or adventure, however. The spell of its pages will not be felt by readers who want crude effects and glaring colours. But those who surrender themselves to its charm will be rewarded. The studies of Amelia and Molly prevent it from becoming too abstract or one-sided, and there is a note of distinction in its handling of modern life which is unfortunately rare.

A FAIR IRISH MAID. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a charming old-fashioned romance, with just enough historical setting to whet the reader's curiosity with regard to the minor events of London Society at the time of Napoleon's escape from Elba. It is far as the poles asunder from the modern impressionist manner, for, although the atmosphere is the poetic atmosphere of a good fairy-tale, the style is redundant rather than allusive and the actualities of life have just that wavering, shimmering effect to which we are accustomed in the isles of fantasy. The fair Irish Maid herself is enchanting, and her ideal devotion to her lover is doubtless intended to shine forth the more strikingly from the fact that he lacks so many graces; but when tricked into drunkenness, his boorishness and selfish pride make this poor poet a sorry object, and we cannot but grudge him such a pearl among women. The story is full of dramatic situations and would make a very pretty play.

THE ROUNDABOUT. By Gladys Mendl. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mrs. Mendl treats a strong idea with much force and capability, but "The Roundabout" can hardly be styled an entirely satisfactory novel. The characters are one and all introspective to the last degree, and they mostly have a habit of giving vent to their opinions in the sonorous phrases of an impossible rhetoric. Jessica is an artist, cursed with money. At least, she is convinced that true freedom lies in poverty allied with hard work. She falls in love with, and marries, an impecunious fellow-artist, only to find that her money—now curtailed by a distressed family—is not sufficient for the needs of herself and her husband. Jessica is, unhappily, of a quixotically generous nature, and no amount of economising on the part of her husband will make up for her extravagances. To add to the difficulty, he drinks, and Jessica falls in love with another man. How it all works out to a peaceful ending the reader should discover for himself, for, in spite of all its faults, "The Roundabout" is a novel of great sincerity and considerable ability. If Mrs. Mendl can suppress the vanities of her cleverness she will do well.

XUM

The Bookman's Table.

GEORGE ELIOT: SCENES AND PEOPLE IN HER NOVELS. By C. S. Olcott. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Mr. Olcott has shown no little shrewdness in identifying George Eliot's *dramatis personæ* with their prototypes in Warwickshire, and he is in keen sympathy with the picturesque side of her work, but the special value of the book is the strong light it throws on the happiness of the novelist's home life. He reassures a pitying world which has been led to believe that her relations with Mr. Lewes brought nothing but self-humiliation, and that in steeling herself against the cry of this accusing voice she threw away her womanliness. The picture he paints is as convincing as it is beautiful. As to the first part of the book one caution should be uttered. In justice to George Eliot's mother it must not be assumed that Mrs. Hackit, much less Mrs. Poyser, are faithful portraits of that estimable lady. An artist with the dramatic instinct of her daughter would naturally seize upon a telling trait and exaggerate it; in fact, we can actually see this at work in George Eliot's mind; the later creation, Mrs. Poyser, has the quaintness of speech, the homely vigour of simile, and not least the acidity of the earlier creation all dashed on in yet stronger colours. Even Mrs. Hackit does not do Mrs. Evans justice, as we know from the testimony of the writer's brother, Isaac. George Eliot, for all her apparent masculinity, was essentially a womanly woman, devoted to masculine qualities, clinging to strength though it might bruise her, worshipping a father who in his anger nearly cut her adrift, idolising a brother who made her suffer just as Maggie Tulliver suffered. Mr. Olcott shows that her relations with Mr. Lewes neither destroyed her womanliness nor overcast her life as some critics would have us suppose: we are told elsewhere that her sense of defeat and humiliation colours all her work, making her preach the inevitable baffling of human hopes and endeavours. Is there really that hopeless outlook on life, that "making the best of a bad business," which we are instructed to find? Does not "Adam Bede"—in which the tragedy of Hetty Sorel is of really minor importance—end with a kind of Te Deum? The self-condemnation some find in "Romola" evaporates entirely when closely studied. Does not "Janet's Repentance" end on a beautiful chord, "a whole life transformed by one man's influence, rescued from self-despair, strengthened with divine hopes"?

STEVENSON. By Isobel Strong. 1s. net. (Cassell.)

It would have been impossible to find any one better qualified than Mrs. Strong is to write this little volume for Messrs. Cassell's "Little Books on Great Writers" series. If Mrs. Strong has not much that is new to tell us, she has admirably summarised and arranged all the known facts of Stevenson's career from his childhood onward to the days when as a famous author he lived and died in Samoa. There are excellent chapters on Stevenson as a poet, friend, and as teacher, the latter epitomising from his letters and books something of his brave philosophy of life. One is rather disappointed that Mrs. Strong does not give us her personal impressions of Stevenson and some anecdotes of those four last years of his life in which she acted as his amanuensis; there are glimpses of that period and of those dictatings in many of Stevenson's own letters, but it would have been interesting to have known how it all seemed from Mrs. Strong's standpoint. But one is perhaps the more grateful for the personal touches in the book because they are few. "Stevenson explained to me once," writes Mrs. Strong, "a little whimsically, that when he wrote his books he believed his characters were real people. . . . If he once discovered they were only pen and ink, his story would come to an end. He said, 'An author must live in a book as a child in a game, oblivious of the world.'" There is an anecdote of how he once in a drawing-room saw a small boy playing boat on a sofa. "The little man rowed and put up sail and hauled in imaginary ropes, and finally, tiring of the game, jumped off the make-belief craft and *walked* to the door. 'Oh,' exclaimed Stevenson reproachfully, 'for God's sake *swim*!'" Among the illustrations are good portraits of Stevenson as a child with his mother and in later years, and colour picures of his home at Vailima and of his tomb. All the essential story of Stevenson's life is in this little book; it is a biography as complete as it is concise.

THE FAIR LADIES OF HAMPTON COURT. By Clare Jerrold. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.)

As all the world knows—or at least that portion of it which has visited the Palace—there hang on the walls of Hampton Court two series of pictures, the one by Lely, and the other mainly by Kneller, known as the "Beauties" of Hampton Court. This title applies strictly only to the series of nine portraits of the ladies of the Court of King William III. and Queen Mary II., but in the course of time it has been extended to cover the twelve portraits of the ladies of the Court of King Charles II., which were moved from Windsor some hundred years or so ago. To Mrs. Jerrold has come the excellent idea of telling the stories of the heroines of the two series of pictures. It cannot be pretended that these stories—particularly in the case of the Lely portraits—are always edifying; but it is an unfortunate fact, as Mrs. Jerrold says, that "the lives of the greatest sinners give far more scope to the biographer, and are studied with far more interest by the reader than the lives of the virtuous." The book forms, in fact, a fairly complete account of the amours of Charles II., with a few sidelights—of far less general interest—upon the life of the Court of William and Mary. The author naturally devotes

Princess Mary (afterwards Queen of England) as Diana.
(After Lely.)
From "Fair Ladies of Hampton Court," by Clare Jerrold. (John Long.)

most space to the three women, the Duchess of Cleveland, Louise de Kéroualle, and Frances Stuart, who with Nell Gwyn (whose portrait is not included in the gallery), exercised the greatest influence over King Charles. The sharply contrasted characters of her protagonists are exceedingly well brought out by Mrs. Jerrold, and we have no doubt that her chapters will prove of much assistance to the general reader in estimating the forces behind the throne of Charles II. A considerable amount of research has clearly been necessary in the compilation of the shorter biographies of the less well-known—but not necessarily better-behaved—ladies; but on the whole the reader will find most to interest him among the earlier pages of the book. The volume is well produced and is illustrated with twenty-two reproductions of the pictures of the "Beauties."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

In **The Man with the Black Cord** (6s.), Miss Augusta Groner tells a very bewildering mystery story, which presents a number of original and dramatic situations. Miss Groner is an Austrian author of the Anna Katherine Green school, and she possesses no little ability in the concoction of detective stories. Her principal figure, the benevolent detective Joe Muller, has, we believe, already made his bow before an English audience, and his further adventures will no doubt be followed with much interest. "The Man with the Black Cord" is one of those books which insists upon being read at a sitting.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK.

If you want a book that will make you feel that Shakespeare did indeed once live at Stratford, you will expend a small sum upon **Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington, and Warwick,** by Dixon Scott. Mr. Scott begins by warning us that he is, as regards Stratford's "lions," frankly mutinous. And he takes us first to the Birthplace, and we leave it behind us, a few pages later, like nothing so much as a pricked bubble. Yet, in spite of this drastic treatment, the author convinces us that Shakespeare lived in Stratford, and he makes us feel his very spirit in the air. The shoddy quackery used to advertise Shakespeare seems to disappear, and we learn to know Stratford aright. The volume is one of the "Beautiful Britain" Series, and its illustrations are attractive and adequate.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Readers of Commander Peary's "North Pole" will remember the very creditable part played by Mr. George Borup, the young college man fresh from Yale, during the last historic expedition. In **A Tenderfoot with Peary** (6s. net) Mr. Borup has given to the world his own account of his experiences, and he has made an extraordinarily interesting book of them. Some English readers may wish for the pruning of a few of the more exuberant of the Americanisms in which the writer indulges, but, taken as a whole, they undoubtedly add to the vivacity and grip of the volume, which, we may say, is entirely outside the range of the ordinary travel-book. There are a large number of excellent illustrations, most of which have not appeared before.

"In the House of Shon Roberts."
From "The End of a Song," by Jeannette Marks. (Putnam's.)

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The End of a Song, by Jeannette Marks (2s. net), is a quaint and charming little story of life in a Welsh village, told in a style that, although it lacks finish, is bright and sympathetic. Shon Roberts and his wife Nancy are a wealthy old couple, devoted to each other: they have no children, and this fact and her husband's meanness over money matters are Nancy's two, and only, troubles. In the village lives Will Morris and his twelve motherless children, and knowing that her husband will humiliate her by the small amount he will give to the collection that is being made for the Morrises, Nancy, who still possesses a wonderful voice, sings at a benefit concert arranged on their behalf. The story goes on to tell how the Morrises are rendered homeless by the advent of a flood that sweeps away their cottage, and how the children are distributed among the kindly neighbours until a fresh home can be found. Old Nancy is overwhelmed with delight at having two of the children to look after, and with a heavy heart returns them to their father when their new home is ready. Then Will Morris dies and the children are left destitute. What becomes of them, and how Shon is made to realise his wife's hopes, and what happens at the end of a song—these things keep the interest well sustained.

New Books of the Month.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARNETT, SAMUEL A.—Religion and Politics: Lectures Given in Westminster Abbey. 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)

Comfortable Words for Christ's Lovers: Being the Visions and Voices Vouchsafed to Lady Julian, Recluse at Norwich in 1373. Transcribed and Edited by the Rev. Dundas Harford, M.A. 1s. 6d. net .....(Allenson)

DUJARDIN, EDOUARD.—The Source of the Christian Tradition: a Critical History of Ancient Judaism. Revised Edition. Translated by Joseph McCabe. With Map. 5s. net .....(Watts)

EUCKEN, RUDOLF.—Religion and Life. With Portrait. 1s. net .....(British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

Fountain Unsealed, A. A Popular Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1910–11. With 16 Illustrations. (Bible House, Queen Victoria St., E.C.)

GAMBLE, JOHN, B.D.—The Spiritual Sequence of the Bible. With Preface by the Rev. A. A. David, D.D. 2s. 6d. net (Macmillan)

Golden Thoughts from Thomas A Kempis. With 4 Illustrations and End-Papers in Colour by Byam Shaw. 1s. net (Cassell)

Great Secret, The: Being the Letters of an Old Man to a Young Woman. 3s. 6d. net .....(Watts)

GREY, REV. H. G., M.A.—St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. 3s. 6d. net .....(Robert Scott)

KNOOP, DE, BARONESS FREDA.—"All Hail": Simple Teachings on the Bible. With 101 Illustrations in Colour (5 in Photogravure) from Old Masters by Annie Thynne. 21s. net .....(A. L. Humphreys)

MARDEN, ORISON SWETT.—The Miracle of Right Thought. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d. .....(Cassell)

McILVEEN, REV. JOHN, B.A., D.D.—Christ and the Christian Life. With Portrait. 2s. 6d net ....(Morgan & Scott)

MILTON, JOHN.—The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by William Talbot Allison, B.D., Ph.D. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)

NEWTON, REV. JOHN.—Cardiphonia, or The Utterance of the Heart; in the Course of a Real Correspondence. With Appreciation by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte. 3s. 6d. net .....(Morgan & Scott)

NOEL, FREDERIC.—The Epistle of Saint John, Verse by Verse: with Short Reflections on each verse, suitable for daily use. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net .....(Mowbray)

OMAN, JOHN, Hon. M.A., D.D.—The Church and the Divine Order. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)

PATTERSON, CHARLES BRODIE.—A New Heaven and a New Earth, or The Way to Life Eternal (Thought Studies of the Fourth Dimension). 4s. net .....(Bell)

Petrarch's Secret, or The Soul's Conflict with Passion: Three Dialogues between Himself and St. Augustine. Translated from the Latin by William H. Draper. With 2 Illustrations. 6s. net .....(Chatto & Windus)

Poetics, The, of Aristotle: Translated from Greek into English and from Arabic into Latin, with a Revised Text, Introduction, Commentary, Glossary and Onomasticon, by D. S. Margoliouth. 10s. 6d. net ..(Hodder & Stoughton)

PRIEST, A, OF THE DIOCESE OF WORCESTER.—Mysteries for the Meek: a Series of Little Sermons at the Lord's Service. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net .....(Mowbray)

Religion, The, of the Future: and other Essays. By Ten Authors. 2s. net (British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

STALEY, VERY REV. VERNON.—Church Customs: Described and Explained. 4d. net and 6d. net. (Mowbray)

Three Stages of Unitarian Theology, and other Essays. By 7 Authors. 2s. net. (Brit. and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)

NEW EDITIONS.

CLEAVER, THE LATE REV. W. H., M.A.—Plain Sermons on the Sacrament of the Altar. Fourth Edition. 1s. net (Mowbray)

FRAZER, J. G., D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D.—The Golden Bough: a Study in Magic and Religion. Part III., The Dying God. Third Edition. 10s. net .....(Macmillan)

FICTION.

ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN.—Two to Nowhere. With 12 Illustrations by Morris Meredith Williams. 6s. .....(Unwin)
ARMFIELD, CONSTANCE.—Sylvia's Travels. With 16 Illustrations in Colour, 2 in Half Tone, and 21 Line Drawings in the Text and End-Papers by Maxwell Armfield. 6s. net .....(Dent)
ARMOUR, MARGARET.—Agnes of Edinburgh. 6s. (Melrose)
AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.—The Shaping of Lavinia. 6s. (Constable)
AVERY, HAROLD.—Every Dog His Day. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
BEGBIE, HAROLD.—The Challenge. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
BELL, R. S. WARREN.—Company for George. 1s. net (Greening)
BENDALL, GERARD.—The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. 6s. .....(Lane)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Hilda Lessways. 6s. ....(Methuen)
BEVAN, TOM.—Rebels and Rogues. With 4 Illustrations. 5s. .....(Nisbet)
BONE, FLORENCE.—The Hidden Highway. 6s. ....(R.T.S.)
BORDEAUX, HENRI.—The Parting of the Ways. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. 6s. (Chatto & Windus)
BOWEN, MARJORIE.—God and the King. 6s. ..(Methuen)
BOYD, MARY STUART.—The Mystery of the Castle. With 4 Illustrations in Colour by A. S. Boyd. 5s. ..(Nisbet)
BREBNER, ARTHUR.—Patches and Pomander. 6s. (Blackwood)
BROOKFIELD, CHARLES E.—Jack Goldie, or The Boy who Knew Best. With 19 Illustrations (one in Colour) by A. E. Jackson. 5s. .....(Duckworth)
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The Common Law. With 56 Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. 6s. (Appleton)
"COILA."—Blue Bell and Heather. 3s. 6d. net ....(Ouseley)
COLLODI, C.—Pinocchio: the Tale of a Puppet. Translated from the Italian by M. A. Murray. With 13 Coloured and 35 Line Illustrations and End-Papers by Charles Folkard. 5s. net .....(Dent)
COMFORT, WILL LEVINGTON.—She Buildeth Her House. With Frontispiece in Colour by Martin Justice. 6s. (Lippincott)
CONRAD, JOSEPH.—Under Western Eyes. 6s. ..(Methuen)
CORNFORD, L. COPE.—Troubled Waters. 6s. ..(Blackwood)
COTTERELL, CONSTANCE.—The Honest Trespass. 6s. (Nash)
DART, EDITH.—Likeness. 6s. .....(Mills & Boon)
ELLIS, BETH.—A King of Vagabonds. 6s. .....(Blackwood)
EVANS, REGINALD.—Captive Honour. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
FILLMORE, PARKER H.—The Young Idea. With 7 Illustrations by Rose Cecil O'Neill. 6s. .....(Lane)
FORBES, GEORGE, F.R.S.—Puppets: a Work-a-day Philosophy. 3s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
Forest Days. Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Jack Orr. 1s. 6d. net (Jack)
Fortunes, The, of Nigel. Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Murray Urquhart. 1s. 6d. net .....(Jack)
GARVICE, CHARLES.—The Other Girl. 6s. ..... (Hodder)
GAVF, EMMA.—A Comedy of Circumstance. With 5 Illustrations (one in Colour) by Wallace Morgan. 6s. (Hodder)
GIRVIN, BRENDA.—Master Piccolo: the Story of a Gipsy Boy. With 9 Illustrations (one in Colour) by Horace Quick. 3s. 6d. ..... (Allen)
GLEIG, CHARLES.—Contraband Tommy. With 8 Illustrations by Murray Urquhart. 5s. .....(Jack)
GOULD, NAT.—A Cast Off. 1s. net and 2s. .....(Long)
GRIER, SYDNEY C.—The Keepers of the Gate. With 8 Illustrations and a Map. 6s. .....(Blackwood)
GRONER, AUGUSTA.—The Man with the Black Cord. Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. With 2 Illustrations by Phil Sawyer. 6s. .....(Chatto & Windus)
Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Translated by H. Oskar Sommer. With 24 Illustrations in Colour by Cecile Walton. 7s. 6d. net .....(Jack)
Happy Hearts: a Picture Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Harry Golding. With 11 Coloured Plates, End-Papers, and about 150 Black-and-White Illustrations. 3s. and 4s. .....(Ward, Lock)
HARVEY, ROSS.—The Captain's Chum. With 13 Illustrations (one in Colour) by Kingsley Howe. 5s. .....(Unwin)
HAVERFIELD, E. L.—An Impossible Friend. With 4 Illustrations (one in Colour). 3s. 6d. .....(Nisbet)
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.—A Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. With End-Papers and 10 Illustrations in Colour by Maxfield Parrish. 12s. 6d. net ....(Laurie)
HELPS, J. SIDNEY.—The Peach Garden: a Chinese Story. With 11 Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net .....(Kelly)
Henry Cassland: His Personal Narrative of the Thames-side Murder. Edited by Hubert Druce. 6s. ....(Melrose)
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Song of Renny. 6s. (Macmillan)
HICHENS, ROBERT.—The Fruitful Vine. 6s. ....(Unwin)
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Wilderness. With 4 Illustrations in Colour. 3s. 6d. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
HOME, HENRIETTA.—The Fledglings. With Frontispiece. 2s. net .....(Elkin Mathews)
HORN, KATE.—The Love-locks of Diana. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
HOWELL, CONSTANCE.—Mrs. Charteris. 6s. ....(Ouseley)
HOWES, EDITH.—Fairy Rings. With 4 Illustrations in Colour by Frank Watkins. 3s. 6d. net .....(Cassell)
JACOBS, W. W.—Ship's Company. With 23 Illustrations by Will Owen. 3s. 6d. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
JAMES, HENRY.—The Outcry. 6s. .....(Methuen)
JEPSON, EDGAR.—Pollyooly. 6s. .....(Mills & Boon)
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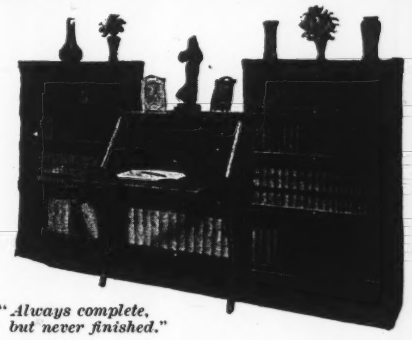

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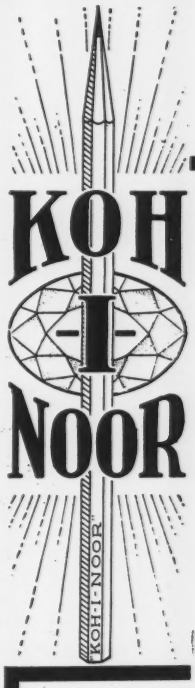

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